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STAGE CHILDREN.

A great deal of mischief is done in the world by well-intentioned people who strike blindly at the abuses that excite them to indignation. They nearly always let the heart get the better of the head, and in their eagerness to do away with a particular evil, pay small heed to the collateral effects of the remedies which they seek to apply. Even roast pig may come too high when it costs the destruction of a house, and the wrong done by zealous reformers in other directions than that in which their own goal is set often outweighs the good they accomplish. It is a pretty serious thing to invade the domain of personal liberty in the cause of any reform, and the reasons for so doing must be overwhelming to justify the reformer's aim. It is easier to use "blanket" measures and "dragnet" precautions than it is to study an evil closely and devise the exact cure it needs, but it always means undeserved and wanton injury to some of the persons affected.

A good illustration of what we are saying may be found in the laws made by certain states for the purpose of keeping children off the stage. Now we hold that child labor is one of the greatest of present-day social evils, and we do not believe that the rights of parents are unduly invaded when they are required to keep their children at school. It is a clear case of organized society intervening to protect the rights of the young against the denial of those rights by their unscrupulous elders. Laws regulating child labor, by which we mean prohibiting it in many cases, are in our opinion wise laws and in no need of defence. But when it comes to a law forbidding children to take part in theatrical performances, a law so drastic as to make it practically impossible for a child, no matter how carefully its interests may be safeguarded, to appear upon the stage at all, we think that there is something to be said upon the other side. Certainly a strong case for the opposition is made in "The Stage Children of America," a pamphlet which comes from the National Alliance for the Protection of Stage Children. The members of this organization are men and women of the highest character, many of whom have no connection with the stage, and no one could fairly charge them

with other than disinterested motives, in making their protest against such prohibitive laws as have just been mentioned. If the sponsors for this document have any bias, it is on the side of the children rather than of the theatre.

The substance of their argument is that stage children have a truly enviable lot in comparison with children employed in most other places, and the substance of their plea is that a rational law would regulate the conditions under which the child actor should work, but would not prohibit all such work by one sweeping enactment. The statute now in force in New York is recommended as a model, and is urged for adoption in all the other states. It prohibits absolutely the employment of any child under sixteen as an acrobat or gymnast, in any immoral exhibition, and in any practice dangerous or injurious "to the life, limb, health, or morals of the child." It also prohibits the appearance of children as singers, dancers, performers upon musical instruments, or actors in theatrical exhibitions, but qualifies this prohibition by permitting them to be thus employed if the consent of the local authorities be obtained, and no objection be made by the local organization devoted to the welfare of children. A law framed upon these lines would seem to provide every reasonable safeguard, and would clearly be more rational than a law which places trapeze tricks and Shakespearean fairies under the same ban.

As the pamphlet now under consideration says, "child labor legislation should not only be directed toward protecting but also toward better equipping the child, and no legislation can serve either truly to protect or benefit a child, where such legislation denies to it any opportunity to develop its talents, or where the child is forbidden education or training in any art for which it displays special aptitude, or, as is often the case, actual genius." The stage is, after all, a profession, and one of those that contribute most to civilization. Not many are fit to enter it, but those who are endowed by nature with the necessary qualifications must be discovered at an early age, and their special education begun. The testimony offered upon this point is convincing. Nearly all the men and women who have won distinction as actors have begun their training in their tender years, and are agreed in claiming that this has been an essential factor in their success. John Drew says: "My own mother was a child actress and commended me to the stage, and I in turn have commended my daughter to it. I am convinced now that it is of absolute importance to the child genius that it should have every opportunity in its pre-self-conscious period to learn the art of the stage." And Mr. Forbes-Robertson, speaking of the effort to keep children off the stage, says that "later the opportunity may never come to the child, and it is robbing the drama of a possible genius, with the hope of making an excellent mechanic." On the other hand, Mr. Sothern has recently made the following confession: "Every day of my life I feel the lack of very early stage training. It would have been invaluable to me, for I was a peculiarly timid, self-conscious boy, and that training would have spared me then and advanced me now." Such testimony as this, which might easily be multiplied indefinitely, is worth more than any amount of doctrinaire abstract argument.

When we think, moreover, of the normal conditions of child labor in almost all other occupations, even when the law exercises its humane control, and contrast them with the conditions under which the child of the stage does his work, we see that the theatre is about the last workshop in the world to provide objects for our pity. In this light, the special efforts put forth to protect these children suggest the sort of benevolence that establishes homes for cats and dogs while suffering humanity is left to fend for itself. The stage child, as compared with the factory child, has comparatively little work to do, and even that is of a distinctly educational character. The stage child may have late hours (which is, we admit, a serious consideration), but on the other hand, the closest attention is paid to its comfort in the matters of food, clothing, and bodily care. It is usually under the direct supervision of parents or relatives, and is given education of the ordinary school sort in addition to the special education that is provided by its professional task. We are by no means to be taken as advocating the stage life for children, but we believe that it should not be denied to the right kind of children under the right conditions, and that whatever laws are made upon the subject should not raise barriers beyond which no child may be permitted to pass.

The drama, as a whole, simply cannot dispense with child characters, and for these neither midgets nor grown-ups dressed as juveniles can provide satisfactory substitutes. Certain types of stage children we might readily spare, the child, for example, whose opportune introduction saves its parents from divorce, or

the child who rescues the drunken father from the bar-room and restores him to the weeping wife. But even mawkish sentiment has its rights upon the stage, which we would not deny, although ourselves carefully avoiding the exhibition. We are now, however, urging the claims of such dramatic art as is exemplified in the creations of Shakespeare's fancy — "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" — such as we find in "Peter Pan" and "The Piper" and "The Blue Bird." These plays *must* have child actors if they are to be properly performed. To forbid children to take part in them (always under suitable restrictions) is to wrong the children themselves, to wrong the dramatist, who is justified in protesting against so arbitrary a limitation upon his art, and to wrong the public, which has a right to insist upon seeing such masterpieces, ancient and modern, as those we have mentioned. On the whole, then, we approve of the contention made by the organization which has issued "The Stage Children of America," and are glad to say so in our State of Illinois, which is one of the chief sufferers under misguided legislation affecting this, as well as many other educational interests.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE LURE OF AN UNCROWDED CALLING, a calling rich in intellectual satisfactions and not requiring special abilities of a rare nature, should find many easy victims in these times when most professions are already congested and are yearly receiving an influx of poorly-equipped would-be practitioners, as the Carnegie Foundation investigators are making plain to the world. A brief pamphlet entitled "Librarianship an Uncrowded Calling," issued by the New York State Library School, and made up of papers prepared at various times and for various purposes by noted library workers, sets forth in glowing colors some of the altruistic delights of the profession, and describes in general outline the requisite qualifications and ordinary duties of the modern librarian. In especially appealing accents does Miss Elva L. Bascom, known as Editor of the "A. L. A. Booklist," address the college woman and invite her to enter upon library work, the personal qualities necessary for which are briefly defined. "The two most important," she says, "are efficiency and enthusiasm. To these should be added, for the ideal library worker, accuracy, order, executive ability, initiative, and a good personality. An 'efficient' librarian must have a good general education and a thorough library training, plus the ability to think clearly and quickly, to judge fairly, to work effectively: perhaps there are other qualities that should be included under this most comprehensive word, but these are the ones that come first to my mind. Enthusiasm needs no comment — or would not if librarians in this country were not justifiably proud of what they call 'library spirit.' I despair of defining just what it implies—perhaps enthusiasm coupled with optimism, tempered with experience, and strengthened by a fine sense of the privilege of service. . . . The work is distinctly that of social service, and the qualities that will bring the worker into closest contact with the people are those that are most desirable, next to those that make for a good foundation in education and special training." Perhaps, after this enumeration of qualities that must conjoin, in due proportion, to make the "efficient" librarian, our foregoing reference to librarianship as a calling "not requiring special abilities of a rare nature" will tend to elicit protest.

* * *

A DELIGHTFUL BIT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL AUDACITY was offered to a not sufficiently appreciative public some years ago in Mr. Arnold Bennett's anonymous book entitled "The Truth about an Author." Since he has come into his own with the deserved success of "The Old Wives' Tale," "Helen with the High Hand," "Clayhanger," and other products of his lively imagination and literary skill, the little-known essay in self-revelation has been eagerly turned to for information concerning the brilliant and versatile author. Among other items of interest gathered from its ingenuous pages, it is noted that the boy Arnold was early attracted to literature; wrote verses, in the form of a hymn, at eleven; entered the field of prose romance with a story written for his teacher; forsook literature for art, and indulged in paint for a protracted period, rarely opening a book, and remaining ignorant of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and other classic authors, until manhood, not even "David Copperfield" being known to him until he was thirty. But one author, not exactly a classic, he did devour in his adolescence, and that was "Ouida." It was she, he confesses, who gave him "that taste for *liaisons* under pink lampshades which I shall always have, but which, owing to a Puritanical upbringing, I shall never be able to satisfy." The account of his steady and rather rapid rise in the London world of letters, where he seems to have turned his hand to almost every sort of honorable and decently-paid literary work, of his later migration to the quiet of the country, and (but this is not in the book) of his latest move to the French capital, where his industry appears to continue unabated, cannot but interest the large number who desire his writings as the hart panteth after the water-brooks.

* * *

QUANTITY AND QUALITY IN PLAY-WRITING, as in other departments of literature, are often inversely proportional to each other, but not always. That very successful dramatist, Sir Arthur Pinero, is credited with the recent assertion that one play

a year is enough for any man, and another popular playwright is warned by his friends that he is writing too rapidly when he announces four plays as his season's product. This invites a backward glance at the great dramatists of the past. Surely there were giants of productivity in those days. Æschylus is believed to have written between seventy-two and ninety tragedies, more than half of which were first-prize-winners, though only seven have survived. Sophocles, with the same number of extant plays, is said to have produced one hundred and twenty-three, or even one hundred and thirty. Euripides is credited with a total of one hundred and twenty, of which eighteen have come down to us. Aristophanes, known to us by his eleven extant comedies, is thought to have written nearly four times that number. Plautus had as many as one hundred and thirty comedies ascribed to him (though on doubtful authority), and twenty have survived, more or less complete. Shakespeare in twenty years wrote some thirty-five plays without beginning to apply himself strenuously or exclusively to authorship. His Spanish contemporary, Lope de Vega, is held to have written the incredible number of fifteen hundred (some say eighteen hundred) regular dramas, besides several hundred *autos* or religious pieces and *entremeses* or interludes. Calderon has the credit of about one hundred and twenty plays. Goldoni left nearly one hundred and fifty comedies to attest the varying excellence of his workmanship. Tom Taylor wrote or adapted more than one hundred pieces for the stage, and other recent prolific playwrights are the younger Dumas, Boucicault, Björnson, and Clyde Fitch. That some or all of these might have written better if they had written less is of course possible, but the fact remains that the greatest dramatists of the past have as a rule not stinted themselves in their output. A noteworthy contrasting instance in the present is the author of "Chantecler."

* * *

Emerson's undemonstrative generosity to those less fortunate than he in the matter of tangible returns for literary work, was as fine as it was little known. In a privately-printed volume, "Records of a Lifelong Friendship," just put forth by Dr. Horace Howard Furness and composed of the correspondence from 1837 to 1877 of Emerson and his schoolmate, the editor's father, the late Dr. William Henry Furness, there appears a characteristic instance of this generosity. Ellery Channing had been proposed by his friend Emerson as a contributor to "The Gift," an elegant annual of the period, published by Carey & Hart of Philadelphia, and edited by Dr. Furness. Emerson himself had been asked to contribute, and he searched his portfolios, "but without a clear and satisfactory result," as he writes to Furness. "Here, however," he adds, "are some verses from my friend C. — new virgin poems. If you like his poetry half as well as I do, you will think me honorably represented by such a proxy. But I do not mean to decline a personal appearance in such good company, and if you will give me as long a day as last year, namely, to 15 March, I will send you some prose or verse, the best that I can, by that day. The bargain shall be the same as last year, — that whatever fee Mr. Carey judges suitable to Channing's and mine united, shall be forwarded to Channing as the price of his alone." This recalls the same benefactor's goodness to Alcott, of which one among many not too well-known instances may here be given. At a conversazione held for Alcott's benefit at Emerson's house the sum of thirty dollars was collected and handed to the beneficiary. "I dare say," was his daughter Louisa's shrewd comment, "Mr. Emerson gave twenty dollars himself."

* * *

Literary favorites of the blind might by some be thought to be limited chiefly to works of a contemplative, introspective character, treating of that inner life with which the sightless are perforce so familiar. What, one might ask, have they to do with light and color, with visible shapes and outlines, with stir and movement, as noted by the sense of seeing? And yet the blind, even those born blind, habitually use the vocabulary of their more fortunate neighbors, and the verb "to see" is by no means excluded from their phraseology. Thus it results that their taste in books is rather for the objective, the pages that glow with color and are alive with action, than for the intensely subjective. The works circulated among the blind of New York State by the State Library at Albany form an instructive list in this regard. From the current report of Director Wyer we learn that Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" is the best-read book of the lot; Mrs. Wiggin's "Rebecca" stories are almost equally popular; Mr. Owen Wister's "The Virginian" is a prime favorite; and so is Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," as might not have been expected. The very last on the list of twenty-one is "David Copperfield," which is far outdistanced by certain works of the non-fiction class. In the list of periodicals printed for the blind, it is to be noted with regret that no fewer than four styles of typography are used,— New York point, American Braille, English Braille, and Moon, — while a fifth, line letter, is used in many of their books. Why could not the blind, sufficiently handicapped already, have been spared this Babel of tongues in their reading?

* * *

Carlyle on some of his contemporaries is interestingly reported in the February issue of "The English Review" by Mr. Frank Harris, who had a number of intimate interviews with the Chelsea celebrity near the close of the latter's life. All the world knows how slightingly Carlyle was wont to speak of Darwin's theory of evolution. Consequently it is a satisfaction for the Darwin-admirer to find his scornful critic according him some credit after all. "I saw in him then qualities I had hardly done justice to before," he says in recounting a chance interview, — "a patient clear-mindedness,

fairness, too, and above all, an allegiance to facts, just as facts, which was most pathetic to me; it was so instinctive, determined, even desperate, a sort of belief in its way, an English belief, that the facts must lead you right if you only followed them honestly, a poor groping blind faith — all that seems possible to us in these days of flatulent unbelief and piggish unconcern for everything except swill and straw." But a little later he breaks out: "The theory, man! the theory is as old as the everlasting hills." (Impatient contempt in his voice as he spoke.) "There's nothing in it—nothing; it leads no whither —all sound and noise signifying naething, naething." Asked to name the greatest of all the great men he had met in his long lifetime, he replied at once: "Emerson! Emerson by far, and the noblest"; and he nodded his head, adds Mr. Harris, and repeated the name with a sort of reminiscent emotion.

* * *

CULTURE IN MANKATO is high and still rising, as any one may convince himself by consulting the latest annual report of the Mankato Free Public Library. "Mankatonians have as good taste as the proverbial Bostonians," asserts, with justifiable pride, the Mankato librarian; "and we have proven by experience that our patrons will read good literature when good literature is put within their reach; when books of real merit rather than books of an ephemeral nature are placed to catch the eye of everyone approaching the desk — fiction that is sound and wholesome, and non-fiction to appeal to the student, the professional man, the artisan, the tradesman; to the mother, the society woman, the housemaid, the child; books to refine the mind and elevate the taste; nor does this bar out light reading — reading for the tired mother requiring recreation, for the sentimental miss in high school or factory, reading for the man or woman getting his or her first introduction to literature." Another paragraph that catches the eye states that "the library takes a part in all campaigns: tuberculosis, the commission plan of government, good roads, food-inspection, politics, etc., thereby standing for the practical as well as the cultural." As evidence of the sober and substantial quality of Mankato culture, let it be noted that under the *régime* of the present librarian the circulation of non-fiction has been raised since 1905 from twenty-four to forty-five per cent of the total circulation, "and the fiction called for is a much better grade now than formerly." This, we infer, has been effected in no small part by the judicious exposure of the best books of the day and of the ages.

* * *

HUMOR IN GOVERNMENT DOCUMENTS, those formidable and rapidly-accumulating volumes that constitute one of the unsolved problems of librarianship, is not often looked for and is still more seldom found. A bill introduced Feb. 14, though not ostensibly as a comic valentine, in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, has more of this rare legislative humor than is often embodied in such proposed enactments. The bill is one of those many proposals to tax bachelors which never get beyond the initial stage; and of course it makes the customary disposal of the prospective revenue in favor of the unmarried women, whose spinsterhood is a standing reproach to celibate men. But it further specifies that said spinsters must be "deserving" and must be "those who have passed, or are believed to have passed, the marriageable age." What woman with the smallest remnant of woman-nature in her make-up would ever submit to being classed among the unmarriageables? Another curious clause exempts from taxation the bachelor who can prove "that he is not of good moral character, or that he is otherwise unfit for matrimony." The amount of the yearly mulct (five dollars) is not sufficient to inspire any vehement desire to prove one's moral worthlessness, or one's undesirability as a husband in other respects. But there is no likelihood that these gems of humor will be preserved in statute form. The more willingly, therefore, do we here rescue them from oblivion.

* * *

WHY THERE IS YET NO AMERICAN LITERATURE is explained by Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson in the February "Atlantic Monthly." Writing in his customary frank and agreeable style on "The American Spirit," he pleasantly though firmly refuses to grant that we have anything worthy of being called a literature of our own, and adds the usual and the obvious explanation that we are still too young and too busy with our material development. But, he adds, "one of the most hopeful signs of promise is the rich, racy, vigorous knack of conversational expression Americans possess." And this, he opines, "may be the seed of a great literature, because it is the sign that thought is taking its own shape and crystallizing itself, even though it be in bizarre forms." In this connection it is an interesting fact, not noted by Mr. Benson, that some of our raciest so-called Americanisms are nothing but survivals of old idioms that have died out in the home of their origin. Thus the crystallization referred to by him took place, in part at least, ages ago in his own country.

* * *

A BELATED GENIUS, a man or woman who has arrived at maturity or even passed beyond it with no suspicion of extraordinary latent powers, now and then comes into public notice and serves to remind the inconspicuous plodder that there may yet be fame or fortune, or both, awaiting him in some fold of the mantle that muffles the mysterious future. The late Owen Kildare, author of "Mamie Rose," "The Good of the Wicked," "The Wisdom of the Simple," and "My Old Bailiwick," as also of the unsuccessful dramatization of the first-named book, which made its appearance at Wallack's Theatre as "The Regeneration," could neither read nor write at thirty years of age. The romantic story of his rescue from illiteracy and vagabondage by a school-teacher of New York's lower East Side,

where he was born of an Irish father and a French mother, and where he grew up in hap-hazard fashion, contains many curious details. The final accumulation of troubles and misfortunes, after he had so surprisingly made his literary mark, forms a sad sequel to this hopeful beginning of better things.

* * *

A POET LAUREATE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, a thing not so common in our literature as buttercups in June, is promised soon. Mr. Alfred Austin has written his reminiscences, and the house of Macmillan is to publish them, as we hear from London. The graceful prose of the present poet laureate has probably won him more readers than his verse — or at least than that particular portion of his verse which has come from him by virtue of his high office. It is remarkable, by the way, how little he has impressed himself upon the world's attention as Poet Laureate of England. Probably there are hundreds of cultured and well-informed persons in this country who would be at a loss if asked suddenly to name Tennyson's successor. Only a few weeks ago there appeared in a Boston paper of high standing an editorial reference to Mr. William Watson as poet laureate. And why this delay in knighting Mr. Austin? Even English newspapers occasionally refer to him as Sir Alfred Austin, as if a laureate must by reason of his office have a right to a title. Let us hope that when honors are distributed at the coming coronation he will be remembered — that is, if he cares for that sort of thing.

* * *

THE HUTH BEQUEST TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM forms an important clause in that part of Mr. Huth's will which relates to the famous library soon to be dispersed (unless a sufficient offer is made for it as a whole) and already referred to by us. The bequest is made in these terms: "If at any time it should be found necessary to sell the collection, before such sale the authorities of the British Museum are to have the first selection of a gift of fifty items therefrom, which shall be marked by them and always known as the Huth Bequest. In making this selection the authorities shall not be allowed to take a second or more perfect copy of an item already in the National Collection, unless they shall exchange such item for the one already in their possession, the exchange of any item being counted as one of the fifty for their selection." The half-hundred choicest items in a private library estimated as now worth a quarter of a million pounds will form a collection of no little value, in terms of dollars and cents, and of exceeding interest to book-lovers.

* * *

THE "SPECTATOR'S" BICENTENARY ought not to pass unnoted. Two hundred years ago to-day (March 1) appeared the first number of what was destined to be the most famous periodical of its kind; and though it ran for less than two years — from March 1, 1711 to Dec. 6, 1712 — it nevertheless, as has been said of it, "fixed new standards of manners, morals, and taste, whose influence lasted many years." Even now it is read, not only as prescribed reading in school and college, but for the pure pleasure of its graceful and correct style, its old-fashioned allusions and quotations, and the agreeable picture it affords of a bygone age. Of the essays which formed its contents, Addison wrote two hundred and seventy-four, and Steele two hundred and forty. Its early extinction was due to the imposition of a government tax on periodicals — a half-penny, or some such trifling amount, which was enough to make the difference between profit and loss to the publishers of Addison's venture.

* * *

A FRENCH EPIC OF HEROIC PROPORTIONS follows close on the heels of M. Romain Rolland's indeterminate serial, "Jean Christophe," which has now attained its tenth volume. The very name of the poem in question, "L'Epopée de la Grande Nation," is a guaranty of good measure; and though at present only the first part, covering the period from May 5, 1789, to May 5, 1821, has appeared in print, we are assured that the entire work will extend to more than twenty-five thousand lines — two-thirds longer than the "Iliad," and nearly thrice the length of "Paradise Lost." The author, one Abel des Trois-Arches, began this great national epic of his forty-two years ago, so that it may be considered his life-work. In the face of this robust performance will any man now dare to assert that poetry is on the decline?

THE MODERN NOVEL AND ITS PUBLIC.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

London, Feb. 18, 1911.

When there is nothing of great importance happening, from the journalistic point of view, our enterprising press has the pleasant habit now and again of starting a discussion and inviting correspondence on the subject from interested readers. With a little judicious fostering, and a certain number of letters written in the office to indicate the best methods of treating the topic, these arguments sometimes reach truly formidable proportions, especially if they deal with a religious or moral subject. With literature, the general public is justly supposed to be less concerned; and it is rare to find a paper "opening its columns" (as the phrase runs) to any discussion about the making of books. But a few months ago the unexpected happened: the "Westminster Gazette" did actually invite the opinions of its readers on the momentous question of the Length of Modern Novels; and, curiously enough, this departure from the old tradition met with considerable success. For some weeks the novelists of England entrusted their opinions on this fascinating topic to the correspondence columns of our premier evening paper, commonly at a length

inversely proportioned to the importance of the writer. The diversity of opinion registered was remarkable; until at last one sensible man propounded the theory that a novel, like a pair of trousers, should be cut to the measure of the material it was meant to contain. The correspondence closed shortly afterwards.

Generally speaking, the public prefers a good long novel to a good short one, as is only natural. The more the buyer gets for his money, assuming the quality to be equal, the better he is pleased. But it is also true that the modern reader does not want his attention taken off the main theme by any irrelevant matter. I do not think the ordinary consumer of novels to-day spends much time in reading the old masters. Most houses in London that have any library at all no doubt possess editions of Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens; but they are rarely taken down from the shelves. If "Quentin Durward," or "Vanity Fair," or "Martin Chuzzlewit" were offered to the London trade to-day as new books by unknown authors I am confident they would be refused, not because of their mere length but because their authors had not learned the art of excluding matter not germane to the story. Scott's prefatory and introductory remarks alone would often fill as many pages as a modern novelist requires for his whole book. Thackeray, they would say, was always introducing long apostrophic reflections on things in general. Dickens invented so many subsidiary characters and side-issues that he was forced, as it were, to strike a balance-sheet at the end of the book, telling his anxious readers in a few words what had become of all the secondary personages who had flitted across his pages. I dare not imagine what the modern publisher would say of his other habit of interpolating whole stories, such as "The Stroller's Tale" in the third chapter of "The Pickwick Papers."

The fact is that, so far as construction goes, the technique of the novel has been improved out of all recognition during the last thirty years. A great number of very poor novels are published year by year; but, bad as they are, they do not generally err in the direction of technique. The plot may be thin, the characters wooden, the writing undistinguished or even ungrammatical; but the author has generally the merit of keeping the story well in view from start to finish. He has discovered that the one thing he must not do is to allow the reader's attention to wander. It is far more likely to wander than it was in the old days; and this is not entirely due to inferiority in the artist of the twentieth century,—it is due rather to the rise of a new and half-educated public, who have been fed on papers like "Answers" and "Tit-bits"—the babies' food of the young reader. It remains to be seen whether this public will ever be educated up to anything better; but at present they are incapable of absorbing any paragraph of more than five or six lines in length. They require a series of shocks to keep them awake, and consequently the modern novelist has learned the imprudence of indulging in prolixity. The page of a new novel must not even present a physical appearance of solidity; if a publisher sees the proofs come from the printer with more than ten inches of unbroken matter he is quite capable (as has happened more than once in my own case) of breaking up the paragraphs himself. Only a few of the old guard, such as Mr. Henry James, are permitted some latitude in this respect — probably because they were found to be incorrigible.

It is easy to theorize about the production of books, but it is still extraordinarily difficult to predict with any approach to accuracy how the public will receive any given specimen. Yet one can generally tell what sort of reception it will meet with from the reviewers. Some years ago this would have been sufficient; there was a time when a few enthusiastic acclamations in the more important papers sent a new book gaily forward on the road to success. In these days the criticisms of the press seem to have lost their effect upon readers; the reviewers may praise until they have exhausted every adjective in their vocabulary, yet the buyers will refuse to come in. Sometimes I am almost inclined to think that a chorus of commendation damps the ardor of the public; they suspect all sorts of things — an organized attempt to boom the work of a personal friend, or perhaps even bribery. They have lost their child-like faith in the infallibility of the critic that our forefathers possessed. It is a curious and instructive fact that the most popular writers of the present day in the world of fiction — Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, and the author who is probably selling more sixpenny editions than anyone else just now, Charles Garvice—are the three novelists for whom the reviewers never have a good word to say. The people are not only uneducated, then, but obstinate; they hear the voice of their master, but deliberately stuff their ears with cotton-wool; they do not wish to learn. And the critic can only sigh and point out for their own satisfaction that in all branches of art the public has ever admired, with a curious consistency, the worst that is put before it.

What *does* sell a novel? The irresponsible chatter of women at afternoon tea, say some of my friends. I think it a fact that women have a great deal to say in the matter. They read far more novels than the men; they take their reading more seriously; and are more likely to discuss their favorites afterwards. Thus some of the literary agents now lay it down as a cardinal rule that, in a successful story, the feminine interest should be dominant. Women, they argue, like to read about themselves, and especially to learn how they should behave in moments of emotional stress. There is thus a formula for the construction of the "big seller," if anyone could ever work to a formula, and if the literary agents are correct. Personally, I fear that the great secret eludes analysis. Like many so-called games of chance, the art of successful novel-writing is a matter of fortune, with a reservation in favor of the better player. The good

man will commonly achieve a modest independence in time, if he goes on trying. For the rest, it is well for him not to be too much concerned with the commercial side of his work.

The artist, we used to say, is seldom a good man of business. The reproach, or encomium (for it will bear either interpretation), is probably as true now as then, but the artist of to-day has a host of helpers anxious to take the business side of his profession off his shoulders. Some half-dozen literary agents of repute have followed the lead given them by Mr. A. P. Watt, the *doyen* of the profession; and it is now the exception for an author of any popularity to conduct negotiations personally for the sale of his work. And in addition to the agents, there is also the Society of Authors — that eminently useful institution founded by the late Sir Walter Besant for the protection of the writer against his natural foes, the editor and the publisher. With these two forces working on his side, I cannot help thinking that the balance of power has now shifted. The writer who has anything worth selling is so well protected that no year passes without one or more publishers going through the bankruptcy court or retiring unostentatiously from business. The days are gone by when he could recoup himself for a series of losses by an occasional bargain. In order to keep himself afloat he is compelled to seek every possible means of adding to his slender profits; and no sooner does he discover a new avenue to wealth than the Society erects a toll-bar across the highway and demands additional royalities for its fortunate clients. The committee has its collective eye now upon the use that some publishers are making of cheap books as advertising media. The printing of publishers' lists at the end of a book has been the custom for ages, though even here there may be a doubt as to the strict legality of the process. But when the publisher of a cheap shilling or sixpenny novel proceeds to pad out the book with advertisements of pills and soap and face-powders and safety razors, not only on the covers and end pages but sometimes interleaved with the body of the story, it is felt that he is seriously interfering with the Dignity of Letters. And no man, says the Society of Authors, shall dare to interfere with that dignity without paying heavily for the privilege.

The February number of "The Author," the official organ of the Society, has dealt with this topic. I foresee a very pretty quarrel. The publishers will no doubt point to the magazines in justification of their action. If you can advertise in a collection of stories by various hands, why should you not do the same in a single story published at the same price? For my own part, I am divided in my sympathies: I am anxious that the novelist should make a decent living, — but this steady procession of publishers wending their way to the court of bankruptcy is not without its serious side. A certain amount of healthy competition is good for all trades, and I do not want to see the publishers of London reduced to a few big houses. But certainly an author has a right to grumble when he sees his most impassioned love-scene faced with a page in praise of corsets, cosmetics, and specifics for the reduction of obesity.

E. H. Lacon Watson.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE THIRTY-SIX ORIGINAL DRAMATIC SITUATIONS.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

The inquiry of your correspondent respecting the number of possible dramatic situations will probably call out numerous answers. It was Goethe who, in his Conversations with Eckermann, under date of February 14, 1830, attributed to Gozzi the statement that there could be but thirty-six "tragic situations," and added that Schiller thought that there were more but could never find as many. There is a little book by Georges Polti, entitled "Les trente-six situations dramatiques," published in Paris in 1895 by "Le Mercure de France," which undertakes to set forth in detail these situations as they occur in ancient and modern drama.

F. H. Hodder.

Lawrence, Kans., Feb. 18, 1911.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

As Professor Schelling has started Mr. Kennedy in quest of the original dramatic situations, it may be interesting to recall that Polti says that Goethe said that Gozzi said there could be only thirty-six, and that this set Schiller off, who took much pains to find more but could not even find so many. Apparently the results were not formulated. The omission was too much for Georges Polti. In the fulness of time, in 1895, he published in Paris his "Thirty-six Dramatic Situations," wherein with a thoroughness all Teutonic he digested the content not of drama simply but of literature and history. To set down the brief headings under which each group is analyzed by its numerous subdivisions does scant justice, of course, to his ingenuity and skill. They run as follows:

1, Supplication; 2, The Savior; 3, Vengeance pursuing crime; 4, To avenge kinsman upon kinsman; 5, The Fugitive hunted; 6, Disaster; 7, A Prey; 8, Revolt; 9, Daring effort; 10, Carrying off; 11, The riddle; 12, To obtain; 13, Hatred of kinsmen; 14, Rivalry of kinsmen or friends; 15, Murderous adulterer; 16, Madness; 17, Fatal imprudence; 18, Involuntary crime of love; 19, To kill a kinsman before recognition; 20, To sacrifice to the ideal; 21, To sacrifice for kinsmen; 22, To sacrifice all to passion; 23, To be obliged to sacrifice one's kinsmen; 24, Rivalry of unequals; 25, Adultery; 26, Crimes of love; 27, To learn the dishonor of one who is loved; 28, Loves obstructed; 29, To love an enemy; 30, Ambition; 31, Struggle against God; 32, Mistaken jealousy; 33, Judicial error; 34, Remorse; 35, Recovery; 36, To lose one's kinsmen.

The search for the indivisible elements out of which the interaction of impulse and circumstance produces its myriad compounds must be a pastime of scholars born without a taste for chess. Some new result emerges periodically to start an epidemic among the laity. One tendency seems worth noting: the number of elements, against analogy, is diminishing. It is no answer to say that the whole affair is one of classification; as well say that chess is a mere matter of checkmate, or that "Les trente-sept sous de M. Montaudoin"

is a mere matter of arithmetic. Has anyone proposed a reduction to thirteen fundamental types? Or has the "thirteen original" been assimilated from our familiar "thirteen original colonies"? Or is there some confusion here with Professor Baker's dozen? Heretofore I have been immune from the disease, but this new-fangled Microbe Thirteen has found a foothold in my curiosity. Mr. Kennedy, it is a comfort to know, is in a worse state; for he has been suffering, apparently during some years of time, from the "seven original jokes" as well. Should it not be the seven *cardinal* jokes? And shouldn't the perennial attempt toward such enumerations as these be recognized as one of the seven?

DAVID LLOYD.

New York City, Feb. 17, 1911.

THE COSMOGRAPHY OF PLATO AND OF DANTE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In Professor John A. Stewart's "Myths of Plato," page 102, the author speaks of the "strange coincidence" that in Dante's Inferno, "which is so largely modelled on the Sixth Book of the Æneid," there should re-appear the Phaedo "description of Tartarus as bored right through the earth," a conception "unique in Greek mythology and in no way countenanced by Vergil." It certainly is a parallelism well worthy of notice; and the Professor drops many another remark in the work which the student of Dante will find illuminating. The Dantean conception of hell, however, and the Dantean conception of its origin, have another parallel which seems to me still more striking. It is found in a sacred book of the Parsees, "The Bundahish," and as I have never seen it referred to as a parallel, I take the liberty of calling attention to it here. Dante, as every reader will remember, pictures Lucifer as having "by the force of his fall bored a passage down to the centre of the earth" (Stewart, p. 106). The Bundahish gives the same picture, saying: "The centre of the earth was pierced and entered by him," *i.e.*, the Evil Spirit. Again, Dante represents Lucifer as remaining in the lowest hell thus formed at the precise centre of the earth. Similar is the representation of the Bundahish, which says: "Hell is in the middle of the earth; there where the Evil Spirit pierced the earth and rushed in upon it." Again, despite the fact that he was describing the fallen angel as possessed of wings and legs, Dante calls him "the abhorred worm which boreth through the world" In like manner, in the Appendix to the Bundahish, Ahriman is described as coming on "through the middle of the earth, as a snake, all-leaping comes out of a hole; and he stayed within the whole earth. The passage whereon he came is his own, the way to hell, through which the demons make the wicked run." (West's translation in "Sacred Books of the East," Vol. V., 17, 19, 161). Could Dante have known anything of the Bundahish, or of any writer who drew upon the Persian teaching?

WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN.

Boston University, Feb. 18, 1911.

MISGUIDED POETS AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Apropos of your editorial on "Misguided Poets," permit me to call attention to a nuisance in our public libraries, especially to be found on the shelves devoted to the poets. Every loiterer among the stacks must be familiar with those slender volumes with a binding of peculiar style (a connoisseur can always know them by their bindings) with the words written inside "Donated by the Author." They are not entirely useless, as they furnish an endless supply of amusement. One gentleman of the tribe appended his biography to his volume, and in one sentence has so crystallized the folly of them all that it ought to be considered their classic expression: "I have donated copies of my 'Cudmore's Prophecy of the Twentieth Century' to libraries in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Central and South America, Europe, Asia, Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania."

The particular kind of provincialism of which these authors and donators are guilty is, it seems to me, a gross ignorance of the organization of publishing and marketing of books, and of the habits of the reading public. And besides the wholesome fun which they naturally call forth, perhaps an acquaintance with them leads one to a more conscious gratitude that we have great publishing houses with reputations and policies, who give to books the prestige without which their careers would indeed be precarious.

LOUIS I. BREDVOLD.

Bristol, So. Dak., Feb. 17, 1911.

ANOTHER MOURNER OF "MIZZELED."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Your editorial note in the issue of Feb. 16, on the haunting associations of words, struck a most sympathetic chord in my heart. It is gratifying to find someone else who has been "mizzeled" as to the pronunciation of "misled," and who shares my grief at having our vocabulary robbed of a word so pregnant with meaning as "mizzeled," and given in its place a word so poor, cold, and undescriptive as "misled." You are the third person I know of who feels that way about it. I remember when I was about thirteen years old, hearing my father, who for many years occupied a seat on the bench of the Civil Court in New Orleans, tell of a brilliant young Creole lawyer using in his argument the word "mizzeled," to the complete mystification of the court. He afterwards asked the young lawyer to spell the word for him, and thereupon enlightened him as to its real pronunciatiation. But I feel sure the young man was not so much mortified at his mistake as pained at his irreparable loss. Perhaps, however, in a better world where language is what it should be, our dear departed "mizzeled" will come into its own.

LELIA M. RICHARDS.

New York City, Feb. 20, 1911.

THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED "BYRON MS."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have before me as I write a facsimile of the "Byron MS." to the discovery of which you refer in your issue of February 1, and I have no hesitation in assuring you and your readers that this newly-found MS. *is not in Byron's autograph.* I have reached this conclusion after a careful study of the facsimile published in "The Pall Mall Gazette" and after a careful examination of facsimiles of Byron's handwriting at various periods in his life. The public ought to be informed, I believe, that the MS. now owned by Mr. Sawyer is, at the most, only a contemporary transcript of the original.

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM.

New York City, Feb. 18, 1911.

The New Books.

A Publisher of the Old School.*

An enthusiastic lover of literature and, in an inconspicuous way in early life, an author himself, Alexander Macmillan lived to become the cause of authorship in others to a degree rarely attained by publishers. The writers, one day to be famous, whose genius he and his brother Daniel recognized and encouraged, and whose books they published, form a long and notable list. And yet he was without early advantages in education, being the son of a poor Scotch farmer with a large family, and being left fatherless at the age of five and forced to shift for himself when he was not more than fifteen or sixteen.

He was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, Oct. 3, 1818. The schools of the town gave him his education, and there he himself became "headmaster of Scott's School" at the surprisingly tender age of sixteen. The succeeding few years are mostly a blank in our knowledge of his interests and occupations, but with his going to London in 1839 to join his older brother Daniel in the bookselling business the memorable period of his active and fruitful life begins. But some mention should be made of his youthful adventure as a sailor before the mast in a voyage to America in 1836, undertaken apparently in a fit of boyish unrest and seldom referred to by him in after life. In 1843 the brothers removed from London to Cambridge, and soon afterward became publishers as well as booksellers, their first venture being "The Philosophy of Training," a short educational treatise by a Glasgow schoolmaster. Their acquaintance with Cambridge men and their keen interest in the literature of the day naturally led to their entering upon business as well as friendly relations with a number of the young writers about them. Books on education seemed at first to make the strongest appeal to them, but it was not long before they became interested in furthering the fortunes of such authors as Kingsley, Maurice, Trench, Thomas Hughes, and many others with what the shrewd Scotch brothers saw to be a promising future before them. The establishment of a London house or branch became a necessity with the rapid and unexpected success of their publishing business, but before this had been accomplished the elder partner, Daniel, died, and the entire burden of the enterprise was imposed on Alexander's shoulders. In 1858 the London branch was opened, and in five years it grew to such importance as to necessitate its proprietor's removal to London, which thereafter remained the headquarters of the business.

The records of Macmillan's life at Cambridge, and especially his connection with the Cambridge Working Men's College, show him to have been a man of large heart and generous impulses, of deep moral purpose, and of remarkable influence upon young men. Indeed, he seems to have been sought out as adviser and confidant by men of all ages. His soundness of judgment, his sincerity, his breadth of view, and his freedom from all selfish interest, secured for him an enviable position in the university circle and in the larger world about him. The regard cherished for him by many of the noted men of his time may be gathered from the wide correspondence drawn upon by Mr. Charles L. Graves in his "Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan," which comes from the publishing house founded by the two brothers more than sixty years ago. One of the Cambridge friends of the younger brother has contributed his reminiscences of Alexander Macmillan. A short extract will be here not out of place, before we follow him to London and to the more engrossing cares of his increasing business.

"I only knew of his work in connection with the Cambridge Working Men's College from what he told me himself and hearsay from others, but it was he who really supplied the driving power which started and kept going its whole machinery. There were many distinguished men on the teaching staff of the institution besides himself, among them Harvey Goodwin, J. B. Lightfoot, F. J. A. Hort, and J. B. Mayor, whose names overshadowed that of the secretary and lecturer Alexander Macmillan, but none of them, in Maurice's phrase, 'got hold of the working men' — if that were the true description of those who attended the classes — in anything like the same degree."

With the establishment of the London house came the serious consideration of the project for starting a magazine. Thomas Hughes had been the first to advise this step, at the time when his "Tom Brown's School Days" was about to be published. Its author much wished to have the story come out as a serial, and would have had its publishers found a magazine for the purpose. Finally, in 1859, the start was made, with David Masson as editor; and Macmillan's activity in securing the best of contributors for its pages very early assured its success. His son George writes of this period:

* Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan. By Charles L. Graves. With portraits. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"For the next five years [from 1858] it was my father's regular habit to spend each Thursday night in London, and to keep open house that evening in Henrietta Street for any one who liked to come and take part in a modest meal, followed by free and easy discussion of literary and other matters. These 'Tobacco Parliaments' were a very important feature in the development of the publishing business, especially after the foundation of *Macmillan's Magazine* in November, 1859."

The autographs inscribed on the bevelled edge of the round table at which the "parliament" sat include those of Tennyson, Herbert Spencer, Maurice, Hughes, Huxley, Masson, J. M. Ludlow, Franklin Lushington, G. S. Venables, F. T. Palgrave, Llewellyn Davies, William Allingham, Coventry Patmore, and Alfred Ainger.

Macmillan was by nature an able captain of industry, and he always had the loyal support of his company of fellow-workers. He knew how to delegate authority, but he could also carry in his head an infinity of details and thought no part of the necessary routine of his business beneath him. The pains that he took with the reading and judging of submitted manuscripts was incredible, and his *flair* for the desirable thing to publish was of the keenest. It is, however, a matter of record that Mr. Barrie's "Auld Licht Idylls" was rejected by this passionate lover of everything Scottish, though his biographer seeks to account for so inexplicable a blunder by conjecturing that the manuscript must have been sent in and passed upon when the head of the house was absent. This inference is rendered the more probable by reason of his practice of writing long and critical though sympathetic and friendly letters to accompany the return of any meritorious but unaccepted offering; and no such letter to Mr. Barrie seems to have been discovered. An interesting letter to Mr. Thomas Hardy, dated 1868 and filling more than three pages of close print, is reproduced by Mr. Graves. It explains, convincingly and kindly, the publisher's reason for rejecting "The Poor Man and the Lady," and the author appears never to have questioned the justice of the verdict, as the story remained unpublished, being withheld even after George Meredith had passed upon it favorably. The course of self-education that had qualified Alexander Macmillan to be his own professional "reader" is thus referred to by Canon Ainger:

"He had mastered the leading English prose classics, and they formed for him a secret standard and criterion of excellence which saved him in a remarkable way from false admirations, or from being deceived by that specious mediocrity which is perpetually appearing in fresh shapes above the horizon. A life-long enthusiasm for the best novels was at the root of his highest success as a publisher."

In illustration of his discriminating taste in novels, let us quote from a letter written by him to James T. Fields in 1861. It touches sympathetically also on our struggle, then in progress, to preserve the Union and free the slave; but that is apart from its main theme.

"I wish much that Mr. Holmes would do a story which should be entirely one of natural manner and character, and have nothing of the wild or weird about it. The power of character-painting that is exhibited in the book is very high and very fine. The discrimination and sharpness of his delineation are not to be surpassed. The least interesting character is Elsie herself, and this only because it is conceived under circumstances which are very partially true to fact and far from interesting if it were — at least to modern and Christian times. The idea of the old Greek unavoidable fate having its consummation through all sorts of pain and crime in spite of sorrow and repentance, has a kind of grandeur about it, but that a human being should take to poisoning because her mother saw a serpent has something at once painful and paltry about it. Buckle's view of whale blubber and starch being the extremes of man's moral and physical nature has a kind of interest as you can make your choice—but how am I to prevent my wife from seeing a snake if she lives in a snake land?"

Six years after this letter to Fields the writer was welcomed in the hospitable home of the Boston publisher, on the occasion of an American visit that brought with it a variety of agreeable experiences. Even at that time the number and wealth of our colleges and universities struck him with astonishment. "Within the last six years," he observes, "more endowments have been made than have been made in England for the last two hundred." And further: "You go nowhere where princely munificence, bestowed by plain citizens, does not meet you." Gratifying also is the following in reference to the general prevalence of courtesy and refinement:

"One expected to find culture and refinement at a place like Boston, where Longfellow—who is the sweetest and brightest of men—Lowell, Holmes, Wendell Phillips, Emerson and the like live. But one finds almost as good everywhere. . . . I met farmers in the prairies who had read and understood Carlyle, Mill, Buckle, Ruskin, Lecky, and authors of that class."

It was in this visit that Macmillan became impressed with the possibilities of extending his business to America, as was not long afterward done with signal success; but he could not fail to note that "the high tariff is a terrible drawback."

Not unnaturally, in the course of his dealings with all sorts of authors, sound-minded and the reverse, he came in contact with the advocates of

the Baconian theory of Shakespeare. Mr. Graves speaks, in this connection, of "the redoubtable Mrs. Pott's Baconian hypothesis," forgetful apparently of the honor, or dishonor, due to our own Delia Bacon, whose lunacy antedates Mrs. Pott's by nearly twenty years. As the publisher of the famous "Cambridge Shakespeare," Macmillan was very naturally approached by Mrs. Pott in the interest of her anti-Shakespeare ideas, and he frankly and fully replied to her in a courteous letter beginning: "I am afraid your enterprise is hopeless. Bacon assuredly is not the author of Shakespeare's plays, and assuredly Shakespeare wrote them himself. I know the *Essays* well, and all *Shakespeare* well. They are the products of our greatest intellectual and moral age. It is impossible but that they should have much in common." A later patient letter to this persistent woman contains the following striking passage:

"The question about Shakespeare's education is one requiring more space than I can give it. But I don't think we quite realise how rapidly a man like Shakespeare might assimilate new words and forms of life. I have known—I know at present—a man who travelling through a street or town with a number of fairly intelligent men and women will learn twenty times as much as any of them with even less apparent observation. Do you know the story of Houdin, the conjurer, how in passing a shop window with hundreds of objects in it he could with a glance give an inventory of it?"

How different this from Mr. Shaw's conception (in "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets") of a Shakespeare who, notebook in hand, painfully collects such scraps of useful material as fall in his way, chiefly from other men's lips!

Macmillan's official connection with Oxford as publisher to the University, and the honorary M.A. conferred upon him when that connection ceased, were matters in which he took pride. A letter from Mr. John Morley congratulating his friend on becoming "a brother M.A. of my ancient and honourable University" concludes thus:

"No honour was ever better deserved, as I have often said. It is really a most pleasant bit of recognition for good service, and I know that you will be gratified by it. My only doubt is whether you ought not to have been made a Doctor of Divinity, but they don't know you so well as I do."

Mr. Graves's life of the younger of the brother publishers forms a fit companion to Thomas Hughes's memoir of the elder, and is in fact a much more elaborate and, in general interest, more valuable work. Alexander Macmillan's was a character worthy of a full-length portrait, and his biographer has done him justice. The many letters and other interesting reminders of the noted writers of the day which the book contains make it a notable contribution to literary history. To supplement the graphic strokes of the biographer's pen, the photographer and the artist have been called upon to show us clearly what manner of man, in his outward person, this enterprising and cultured Scotch publisher really was.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN SHAKESPEARE'S LIFETIME.*

There is probably no one in this country better fitted for writing a history of English literature in the time of Shakespeare than Professor Schelling, whose work in the Elizabethan drama and the Elizabethan lyric, the two pre-eminent forms of expression in this age, is universally authoritative. As in his "Elizabethan Drama," the book before us "departs in method from the customary arrangement of material by way of annals. It has neither listed authors in the order of their birth, nor books in the chronology of their publication; but it has sought to view the subject in large by the recognition of a succession of literary movements, and varieties in poetry, drama, and prose, at times identified with a great name, at others grouped merely because of subject-matter or likeness in origin or purpose." Naturally, it is about the author whose name appears in the title that a considerable portion of the book is centered. Thus, the first chapter, which is fittingly headed "The Literature of Fact," and as such introduces the Elizabethan period by an account of contemporary works on history and adventure, opens up the source-books of Shakespeare's chronicle history plays. Following this come two chapters on "The Literature of the Coterie" and "The New Cultivated Prose," which prepare the way for Shakespeare's sonnets on the one hand and his early dramatic work on the other. The eight chapters on the drama, in which is compressed Professor Schelling's larger treatment, and with an eye single to the dramatic type rather than to the dramatist, are grouped about the greatest poet of the age. The dominance of Shakespeare's genius is, of course, felt in the lyric, and even in the prose work of the period we are aware of his presence. The range of treatment is, therefore, not so arbitrarily limited as it might at first strike the casual reader.

* ENGLISH LITERATURE DURING THE LIFETIME OF SHAKESPEARE. By Felix E. Schelling, Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

While it is true that a history of literature, no matter how limited the period considered, must be primarily concerned with details of historical fact, sources, influences, and the like, it is important that it should not neglect the more vital appeal of literature — that which, after all, is worthy of historical treatment. Extensive appreciation in such a work as the one before us is necessarily impossible; but it is easily apparent that the author has carried over into his pages his own fervid enthusiasm for the literature of this period. The book is not crowded with quotations, and those that do appear are admirably illustrative and are not stale from frequent use. Thus, the splendid stanzas on Belphœbe, in the second book of the "Faëry Queen," furnish the text for the following eloquent appreciation:

"Of such art we feel that it is loving and leisurely; its very progress is like that of the shuttle in the loom, now forward now back. Neither weaver nor poet can be conceived as hurried, or as otherwise than content to add, hour after hour and thread after thread, the beautiful colors that grow insensibly into a pattern, ever recurrent and conventional, but ever holding, as with a soft compulsion, our approval and affection."

The vexed question of the sonnet Professor Schelling treats with his usual sanity. Whether we agree with him or not in his belief that "'Astrophel and Stella' had its inspiration in a passion sufficiently real to take on a genuinely tragic tone to one of the ardent nature of Sidney," we are glad that he does not lead us off into unprofitable discussions which generally end where they had begun. Granted poetic genius, however, it hardly seems necessary to demand an actual passion as a *sine qua non* of genuine love poetry; and it again seems unlikely that Sidney would dedicate to his wife sonnets celebrating his passion for another woman, or that both his wife and his sister would regard with enthusiasm any such expression of his love. Especially sensible is Professor Schelling's discussion of the Shakespearean sonnets. He does not seek to identify positively the "Mr. W. H." except that he refuses to regard him as William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. He clears the whole question of useless argument, and in a single paragraph presents the story of the sonnets, which, as he says, "is neither difficult nor involved." As to the dark lady, he is content — and so should we be — with the wise comment that "the court of Elizabeth was fuller [of sirens] than was ever the Ægean; and for my part I should be sorry to have the mask of anonymity torn from the face of that immortal shadow." All of which is in remarkable contrast to the pronouncements of the author of "The Man Shakespeare."

The chapters on the Drama naturally begin and end in Shakespeare. The court as well as the popular drama leads up to his consummate accomplishment, for these embody in whole or in part the three influences which formed the drama, — those of the classical drama and of the popular vernacular farce, and that of Italy and the spirit of romance. The plays of Shakespeare are each considered briefly and with reference chiefly to their literary qualities. Questions of structure and characterization are only touched upon; more would not be possible in a volume of this character. The summaries and general criticisms at the close of the chapters are appreciative and scholarly. The theory that Shakespeare in his latest plays, the romances, was seriously affected by the new Fletcherian tragi-comedy, "and that this influence worked to the detriment of Shakespeare's art, destroying especially the long lines of his characterization and reducing his art to the measure of the man he imitated," is disposed of by the vigorous protest against the "discovery" that "Shakespeare was prematurely old and decaying in his genius at forty-five, careless in his art, and content to leave his throne to sit on the footstools of his younger contemporaries." The protest is too strong. For it is impossible to maintain, in the face of the numerous resemblances adduced by Professor Thorndike in the authoritative monograph on the subject, that Shakespeare's and Fletcher's dramatic romances were wholly independent of each other. Either Fletcher set a model for Shakespeare, or *vice versa*. Professor Schelling prefers to group these last plays of Shakespeare's with others like "Troilus and Cressida," "Timon of Athens," and "Pericles," which do not belong to any special category of history, tragedy, or comedy, and to scout the idea that he could have imitated or adopted the dramatic ideas of a younger contemporary. But Shakespeare about this time and later was collaborating with Fletcher in "Henry VIII." and "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and in these plays the tone is Fletcherian rather than Shakespearean. Shakespeare never hesitated to adopt a dramatic fashion, and it was wholly consistent with his past conduct that he should try his hand at what he saw was popular with the London audiences. The fact remains that the late romances are not so great as the tragedies, and it makes very little difference in our judgment of the intrinsic worth of these plays whether we say their lower rating is due to

Shakespeare's imitation of a younger contemporary or not. They are not less good when viewed as under the influence of Fletcher than when regarded as Shakespeare's original creation. No one says that they are not superior to Fletcher's romances, or that the elder dramatist failed to improve upon the work of the younger. We might almost as well blame Shakespeare for adopting the revenge idea in "Hamlet" from Kyd's play on the same subject as criticize him for transforming the idea in the Fletcherian romances into the wonder of "The Tempest."

Professor Schelling's work on the Lyric we already know, and his chapters in this volume are marked by the same discrimination and appreciation that have made his two lyrical anthologies familiar to scholars everywhere. Particularly good is his treatment of Donne, both as a corrective of a prevalent error about his relation to the so-called "metaphysical school," and as a just estimate of the salient qualities of his poetry. By his illumination of what had hitherto appeared commonplace, he deserves Jonson's eulogy, that he was "the first poet in the world in some things." "The golden summer" of the lyric of Herrick and his compeers we are shut out from by the limits of this volume; but this lyric, which is more artistic and less spontaneous than the Shakespearean, may be omitted without causing too sharp a break in our survey of the poetic development of this period. In this and in other provinces of literary expression, the book preserves a proper unity of treatment.

JAMES W. TUPPER.

THE STEPHENS PRISON DIARY.*

If the term "human document" were not taking a well-earned furlough, it might be applied with peculiar fitness to the diary before us, penned by Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, during his imprisonment at Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, from May until October, 1865. There is no side of Stephens's nature which does not find expression, and the reader feels in every paragraph the impression of absolute sincerity. From the historical standpoint, the volume is of great value for the light which it throws upon the attitude of a large class of men who were ardent lovers of the Union and strongly opposed to the policy of secession, but whose political training made it inevitable that when once the die was cast they should go with their States and throw their energies into the cause of the Confederacy. In ability and character, Stephens stood easily at the head of this class of Southern statesmen; and the motives and principles underlying his course are fully outlined in this Diary, especially in his copy of a long communication to President Andrew Johnson, accompanying a request for amnesty, under the special provisions of the Proclamation of Amnesty and Pardon issued on the 29th of May, 1865.

As a man of highly cultivated tastes, Stephens's prison days were largely devoted to reading; and we confess to a somewhat deeper interest in the books recorded than in the much talked about "pig-skin library" of a later date. Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" and "Conquest of Mexico" were purchased out of the little stock of gold coin brought with him, and carefully read, as various comments and applications to current problems prove. The high state of culture and liberty to which Aragon had risen under an effectually decentralized system of government especially attracted his attention. A volume of the philosophical writings of Cicero led to a comparison of the moral tone of the Roman with that of Paley, whose title to a place in the senior year of every college curriculum was never questioned in Stephens's time. The comparison is strongly in favor of Cicero. Bacon's Essays on the whole disappointed him, though he thought highly of the one on "Friendship," which in his opinion "embodies in a nutshell more true philosophy than all else I have seen upon this subject." Later, after a re-reading of Cicero's "De Amicitia," he says: "This book is an almost faultless production. Still, I believe Bacon's essay says more. But Bacon by no means supersedes Cicero. Bacon tears up the foundations of the philosophy, blasts the works from the quarries; Cicero polishes these rough materials for use and ornament. Every young man should study Bacon on this subject; then he should study Cicero." Aristotle on Economics pleased him, but the "Politics" he considered of little value. Particularly, Aristotle's failure to consider slaves as entitled to any standing as an element of society is criticised. Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism" was presented to him, and he read the chapters on Spinoza and Marcus Aurelius, but with little sympathy. "I have not

* RECOLLECTIONS OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS. His Diary, kept when a Prisoner at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, 1865; giving Incidents and Reflections of his Prison Life, and some Letters and Reminiscences. Edited, with a Biographical Study, by Myrta Lockett Avary. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

been able to satisfy myself as to this critic's general object. It seems to me that it is not good, that his spirit is evil, that he conceals himself as well as he can and attempts to inculcate his own views through the teachings of others." A volume of F. W. Robertson's sermons was presented to him and read with high appreciation, as were certain volumes of Swedenborg, in spite of his dissent in many particulars, and his conviction that Swedenborg was somewhat unbalanced in mind. Many hours were given to study of various books of the Bible, and many of his comments thereon are surprisingly "liberal" for a strongly religious Southern man of that period. The inclusion of the Song of Solomon with the other books of the Bible he could not comprehend. He raises no question as to Solomon's authorship of the book, but fails entirely to find in it any evidence of allegorical intent. "It seems only such love-songs as Solomon may be supposed to have indulged himself in writing." To interpret it as referring to Christ or the Christian Church seemed to him "not much short of impious." Burns and Coleridge were read occasionally. Tennyson had never appealed to him until the effective oral interpretation of a lady visitor revealed the beauty of his verse.

In poor health, and troubled in mind over the failure of the authorities at Washington to pay any attention to his request for amnesty or parole, unable to get into communication with his family and friends at home, Stephens's prison days were gloomy enough, and without the company of his books he would probably have broken under the strain. Until the last few weeks of his imprisonment, his confinement was close, his quarters uncomfortable, and his food palatable only because he gave up the allotted rations altogether and supplied his table from other sources at his own expense. On July 26 he records: "Had a sort of row with bedbugs. Examined my bed to-day and found several." On August 2, "Had another row with bedbugs; discovered a good many, though small. To none did I give quarter." August 11, "Got through with the biggest row I have yet had with bedbugs." And a week later, when commenting on the failure of a mouse which he had been feeding to come into sight, he adds: "It may see from its hiding-place what I do with the chinches, and draw conclusions which prompt it to keep out of my power. I have often felt sorry for what I have to do to these blood-suckers. Most willingly would I turn them loose and let them go away if they would go and stay, but this they will not do."

There are many personal comments in these pages which one would gladly quote if there were room. The most severe judgment of all, though thoroughly kindly in spirit, is that passed upon Jefferson Davis. His opinion of the abilities of Grant was very high, and the comparative failure of Grant in the Presidency must have come as a great surprise to him. As most of the really level-headed leaders of the South, he came to have a very high regard for Lincoln. Greeley also shares in his admiration, though his dissent from Greeley's political principles led him to oppose the union of the Democrats with the Liberal Republicans in 1872. There is no word of ill-tempered criticism for anybody. No kindlier and juster heart ever beat than that of Alexander H. Stephens.

W. H. Johnson.

The Earliest Lords of the Ocean.*

Ever since Newton and Wood delighted the western world with their discoveries of the ruined glories of the Mausoleum and the temple of Ephesian Artemis, the progress of Greek archæology has been almost uninterrupted; and its claims to the rank of an orderly and definite science are now universally recognized. Its splendid chapters have been written by Schliemann and Dörpfeld, at Ilios, Mycenæ, and Tiryns; by the Germans at Olympia, the French at Delphi, and the British and Americans wherever they could get a chance to put in their spades; and the annual reports of these various schools of classical study contain most comforting assurance that new and substantial additions are yearly being made to our knowledge of the past.

That a rich, if somewhat barbaric, civilization could be identified and confidently assigned to pre-Homeric times, is now generally accepted. "Mycenæan" was the name — not altogether a satisfactory one — given it; and its dates were approximately placed at 1500–1000 B.C. With this as our furthest reach backward into the prehistoric past of Hellenic or pre-Hellenic races, we were perforce content until the end of the nineteenth century; but since the year 1900 the extensive excavations carried on by Dr. Arthur Evans at Cnossus in Crete, together with other excavations at various Cretan sites,

* The Sea Kings of Crete. By Rev. James Baikie. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

have combined to make it evident that this ancient "hundred-citied" island was for centuries the home of a brilliant civilization, which antedates the Mycenæan age as much as the latter does the time of historic Greece. In honor of the most famous traditional Cretan worthy, this civilization has been called "Minoan," and Dr. Evans has proposed a chronological table dividing its life into three periods, known as Early, Middle, and Late Minoan; each period being subdivided into three divisions designated by Roman numerals. The whole stretch of time thus occupied ranges through two millennia, from 3000 B.C. to 1000 B.C.

A number of publications have described and sought to appraise the results of these Cretan excavations. Dr. Evans himself has published full reports on his discoveries; and books by Ronald M. Burrows ("The Discoveries in Crete"), A. Mosso ("Palaces of Crete and their Builders"), and Harriet Boyd Hawes ("Gournia, Vasiliki, and other Prehistoric Sites"), have served to maintain the public interest and increase the public knowledge.

The latest work dealing with this subject is the Rev. James Baikie's "The Sea Kings of Crete," a handsome volume, well-printed and illustrated. The author writes with keen but tempered enthusiasm of the "finds" at Cnossus, Phæstus, and Hagia Triada, and what they seem to show. That the Minoan dynasties were sea-lords of the Ægean and eastern Mediterranean, he regards as fully established; and the significant fact that the great palace structures were not fortified, as were those at Mycenæ and Tiryns, only strengthens the conclusion that here we have to do with a power that depended on the "wooden walls" of its fleet for both aggression and defence.

Sooner or later, of course, this floating bulwark would fail; and to some such crisis as this—a sudden dash by pirates, or a concerted invasion by rivals who managed to out-sail and out-fight the Cretan fleet — we are to refer the great catastrophe which destroyed the palace at Cnossus at the end of the period called Middle Minoan II. (about 1850 B.C.). On the ruins of this first palace a second seems to have arisen, which in turn met its destruction at the close of the Late Minoan II. period (*circa* 1400 B.C.).

The temptation to construct history out of legend with the assistance of archæological discoveries is always great: Schliemann, as is well known, yielded to it, and was sure that he had found the *corpora ipsa* of the Agamemnon and Clytemnestra mentioned by Homer and the Greek tragic writers. Something of this confidence confronts us in the pages of Mr. Baikie's book, — as where he contends for a historic background to the terrible story of the human tribute paid by Athens to Minos of Crete, and of the slaying of the Minotaur by the Attic hero Theseus. His support for this position is derived largely from the frequency of bull-combats and the suggestion of bull-headed divinities on the various works of art found during the progress of the excavations.

More conservative and acceptable is one of the concluding paragraphs of the book:

> "No one now dreams of hesitating to accept the statements of Herodotus and Thucydides as to the great sea-empire of Crete. Whoever the Minos to whom they allude may have been — whether he was actually a single great historical monarch who brought the glory of the Kingdom to its culmination, or whether the name was the title of a race of kings, is a matter of small moment. In either case the sea-power of Minoan Crete was a reality which endured, not for one reign, but for many reigns; and it is practically certain that, during a long period of history, the whole sea-borne trade of Europe, Asia, and Africa was in the hands of these, the earliest lords of the ocean."

The relations of Crete with Greece, the Cyclades, and Egypt, are discussed and illustrated by parallelisms in pottery, sculpture, and metal-working; and about thirty excellent half-tone plates show the principal architectural and artistic results of the various excavations. The book is written in an intelligent and entertaining style, which, added to the fascination of the subject, makes it as readable as any romance.

JOSIAH RENICK SMITH.

THE MEMOIRS OF HEINE.*

"Heinrich Heine's Memoirs," in two beautiful thin, though comprehensive, volumes, doubtless give the best opportunity of meeting the poet face to face that has yet been offered in English. The title is confusing, for the term *Memoiren* was preëmpted by Heine's small autobiographical fragment first printed in 1884. It was the idea of Karpeles to publish (in 1888) an extended cento of fragments of Heine's letters, verse, and prose, arranged in chronological order, under the more admissible title, "*Autobiographie*." In the main the difficult English translations are spirited and idiomatic, and the metrical form of the lyrics is preserved, even though rhymes like "daughter: about her,"

* HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS. Edited by Gustav Karpeles. English translation by Gilbert Cannan. In two volumes. New York: John Lane Company.

"undoing: ruin," go to the verge of what may be permitted. It is necessary to add that the badness of the work in many other respects goes far beyond this limit.

Karpeles' plan, for which the translator is not responsible, is a horror to the professional scholar, and to the philologist an abomination. Without guidance of notes, a "harmony" is forced by methods more violent than those employed by the most perverse theological zeal. Karpeles' lack of method has made a sorry mess of it, enhanced (let it be stated without rancor) by a more than British indifference to minute accuracy on the part of the translator. Chapters, divisions, and titles are purely arbitrary. It seems impossible that any editor could omit the lyric "*Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen*," the very epitome of the most telling experience of Heine's life, or "*Aus alten Märchen winkt es*," that sublimated quintessence of the cruel conflict between romanticism and reality. The poet's saucy irrelevancies, his daring wit, even his word-plays, vulgarities, and blasphemies, are so much a part of himself that a Heine, with these completely purged away, would be no Heine at all. Omissions are often posited where none occur, while again and again separate letters and lyrics are macerated into one undifferentiated substance, poems are mutilated with no indication, sentences torn limb from limb and grafted one upon another in a way that belittles Mr. Edison's most heroic tales of operative surgery. Often a new paragraph is placed so as to be related only to the immediately preceding text, whereas it applies, in fact, to a section that has vanished without a trace. Because of its allusion to the "Tragedies" (published 1823), Karpeles may be excused for including under the documents of 1823 a letter written on June 7, 1826, but the bare-faced change of the date to "June 7, 1823" is intolerable. Equally unpardonable is the crass stupidity shown in translation, and by no means limited to proper names. Lübtheen appears as "Lübtbern," Bovden as "Booden," Harburg as "Hamburg," Adolf Müllner is leveled to "Müller," the great surgeon Dieffenbach comes off with "Dreffenbach," while the famous lexicographer Adelung suffers a sea-change from a living person into "the burden of the aristocracy." Other examples of Mr. Cannan's art of translation are: *biderbe*, "solemnly"; *Oratorium*, "exhortation"; *bewegliche Figur*, "mobile face"; *ebenfalls*, "ever"; *geheimnisvolle Wonne*, "sweet glee." *Klagende Flamme*, in the well-known stanzas in *Deutschland*, certainly does not mean "flame of mourning," — and so the long series sounds every note from the irritating inaccuracy of *Er war von allen Menschen derjenige, den ich am meisten auf dieser Erde geliebt*, "Of all men he was the most beloved on this earth," to the inestimable climax of the repeated rendering of Heine's title *Die Bäder von Lucca* as "The Bathers of Lucca." Into this fair book are also set such gems of English as "This could however anyhow not suffice to-day," and "almost by one half to destroy these notes."

But none of these ineptitudes, nor even the disconcerting sum of them all, can offset the perennial allurement of Heine's baffling and elusive personality. Perhaps more than any other, he is the vibrant sensorium of an acutely susceptible consciousness which makes the modern man of culture the recipient of a myriad of æsthetic impressions undiscovered in simpler ages. He caught quick glimpses of new truths, of shifted relations. He may, indeed, be considered the first man of the future, and his life was rendered wretched chiefly by its rupture with the past. For pleasure or pain, all impressions reacted upon him from contrary poles: he thrilled to the majestic symbolism of the Catholic church, yet Christianity had never a more keen opponent. He was awed by the mysterious sainthood of woman, and detested her as a cold-blooded serpent; he was the soul of chivalry, while destitute of an elementary sense of honor; his insatiable appetency for supreme culture proved not incompatible with a cynical vulgarity. No artist has more masterfully exploited the simplest poetical materials, even though we admit that his confession of a unique debt to Wilhelm Müller is just. Goethe rested in serene and severe Hellenism, whereas Heine went forward, and his soul is still marching on, to modernism. The fascinating life-panorama of this intensely sentient being is unrolled upon these handsome pages, and every line tingles with interest to the modern combatant.

The poetry of the future will hardly derive its spirit from the bemusing opiates of oriental or Celtic romanticism; the sweet deceptions of the past will yield place to the clear actualities of scientific doctrine, and to the task of reconciling man to his own existence. Modern poetry will rest upon realism, not the discarded type which dwells upon the abnormal and the revolting, but that which fixes its calm vision upon the dignities of life, and renders them more accessible to men. It will choose as its chief subject-matter not merely "things as they are" but—to

quote a valued human document not yet fully superseded—"whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."

JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.

RECENT POETRY.*

The fact that Mr. Eden Phillpotts is of the kin of Mr. Thomas Hardy has been noted by all readers of the two men's novels. It is evidenced anew by the volume of poems, entitled "Wild Fruit," that the former writer has now published. The title is well-chosen, for the poems have a wilding flavor that sets them far apart from the garden products of most versifiers. In this, they are suggestive of Mr. Hardy's verses, as well as in their unconventional phrasing and their ironic tang. There is a fine sardonic humor in this song of "The Owl and the Epitaph":

"The moon shone in the midnight sky
As an old brown owl went gliding by.
He lighted upon a churchyard tree,
And shouted aloud right eerily—
'Hoity-hoo-hoo,
Toity-too-too,
Hullabaloo!
The graves are many, the mice are few.'

"Beneath his perch there stood a stone
Where a young, dead woman lay alone.
The owl conned over her epitaph,
Then, blinking his eyes, he began to laugh—
'Hoity-hoo-hoo,
Toity-too-too,
Hullabaloo!
This was a fine damsel that once I knew.

"'"Here lies the dust of Mercy Ann,
The faithful wife of Jonathan Cann.
Such virtue could not inhabit clay,
So Heaven hath plucked the flower away."
Hoity-hoo-hoo,
Toity-too-too,
Hullabaloo!
But, gentlemen all, the tale is n't true.

"'Dear Mercy Ann, the lovely elf,
Was another night-bird, like myself.
Look in the woods by the manor gate:
You'll find a cot in a ruinous state.
Hoity-hoo-hoo,
Toity-too-too,
Hullabaloo!
Her gravestone should really be writ anew.

"'"Here lies the dust of Mercy Ann,
The faithful mistress of young Squire Mann.
She gave him five years of joy and bliss,
And now she's a flower in the realms of Dis."
Hoity-hoo-hoo,
Toity-too-too,
Hullabaloo!
There's a mouse on her grave!' And down he flew."

As an example of a sincere and purely serious lyric we may quote "The Kisses":

"Your gentle kiss fell light upon my lips
As when a hovering Vanessa sips
One instant and away.
Oh, blessed touch! How little then I guessed
What seeds of aching grief and wild unrest
Were sowed that summer day.

"But now the secret garden of my heart
Can scarcely hold them; every throbbing part
Blooms with a mad desire.
Oh, precious woman of the misty eyen,
Would to dear God that futile kiss of mine
Had planted such a fire.

"Yours carried life and flying seed of flame
Until the very letters of your name
Chime out a glorious song.
Mine found no fruitful resting-place to dwell,
But humbly sank to that sad haunt of hell
Where sterile kisses throng."

We must find space also for one of the fine sonnets of this poet, and there is no fitter example than this heartfelt tribute to the memory of Swinburne, a brother-poet:

"Children and lovers and the cloud-robed sea
Shall mourn him first; and then the mother-land,
Weeping in silence by his empty hand
And fallen sword, that flashed for Liberty.
Song-bringer of a glad new minstrelsy,
He came and found joy sleeping and swift fanned
Old pagan fires, then snatched an altar brand
And wrote, 'The fearless only shall be free!'
Oh, by the flame that made thine heart a home,
By the wild surges of thy silver song,
Seer before the sunrise, may there come
Spirits of dawn to light this aching wrong
Called Earth! Thou saw'st them in the foreglow roam;
But we still wait and watch, still thirst and long."

This is a tempting volume to quote from, and we do not find it an easy one to lay aside. It reveals a poetical faculty, the plenitude of which we had hardly suspected from the stray pieces by Mr. Phillpotts that had hitherto come to our attention. Perhaps we shall gradually come to think of him,

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* WILD FRUIT. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Company.

THE VOICE OF THE ANCIENT. By Cyril Scott. London: J. M. Watkins.

THIRTY-SIX POEMS. By James Elroy Flecker. London: The Adelphi Press, Ltd.

VERSES. By V. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

A SON OF CAIN. By James A. Mackereth. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

CHORDS OF THE ZITHER. By Clinton Scollard. Clinton, N. Y.: George William Browning.

SONGS AND SONNETS. By Webster Ford. Chicago: The Rooks Press.

LAVENDER AND OTHER VERSE. By Edward Robeson Taylor. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

THE TOWN DOWN THE RIVER. A Book of Poems. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

BEAUTY'S LADY, AND OTHER VERSES. By Donald Robertson, Actor. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co.

HERBS AND APPLES. By Helen Hay Whitney. New York: John Lane Company.

ÆGEAN ECHOES, AND OTHER VERSES. By Helen Coale Crew. Boston: The Poet Lore Co.

THE EARTH CRY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Theodosia Garrison. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

LIPS OF MUSIC. By Charlotte Porter. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

CACTUS AND PINE. Songs of the Southwest. By Sharlot M. Hall. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

in the end, as we are gradually coming to think of Mr. Hardy — as an artificer of more durable things in verse than in prose.

Mr. Cyril Scott, in "The Voice of the Ancient," sings such strains as these:

"I lie in lenitive shades of cedar boughs,
Replenishing richly my soul in Elysian fragrancy,
Watching my dreams lullabying in roseate vagrancy,
To zephyrs, that kiss with nectareous moisture my brows."

The poem is styled "Supra Celestia," and is much too supercelestial for comprehension by the common mind. Sometimes, however, Mr. Scott's thought is more nearly accessible, as in "The Awakening," with its imaginings concerning the experiences of the soul that has just passed through the gateway of death:

"Awake — the soul is lifted from her couch of roses,
Of myriad buds to earth unknown,
Of colours more alive than ever earth discloses,
Far richer, purer, paler, more full-blown.

"No sweetness can expound — terrestial joy is sadness,
All sleeping only wakes to strife;
But here each thought and sense unites in perfect gladness,
And man perceives that life was never Life.

"Now was the gentlest moment time had ever moulded,
Now as the soul unveiled her eyes,
To find herself in countless virgin arms enfolded,
Back from her sojourn in the vale of sighs."

Mr. James Elroy Flecker is the author of "Thirty-six Poems," the first of them being these wistful lines "To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence":

"I who am dead a thousand years,
And wrote this sweet archaic song,
Send you my words for messengers
The way I shall not pass along.

"I care not if you bridge the seas,
Or ride secure the cruel sky,
Or build consummate palaces
Of metal or of masonry.

"But have you wine and music still,
And statues and a bright-eyed love,
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,
And prayers to them who sit above?

"How shall we conquer? Like a wind
That falls at eve our fancies blow,
And old Maeonides the blind
Said it three thousand years ago.

"O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,
Student of our sweet English tongue,
Read out my words at night, alone;
I was a poet, I was young.

"Since I can never see your face,
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you. You will understand."

This is so encouraging an opening that it has tempted us to read the volume from beginning to end, and we have found each one of the remaining thirty-five poems marked by simple sincerity and something like distinction of phrasing. Death is a favorite theme with Mr. Flecker, but it does not leave him merely moody; rather does it move him to concrete and often striking imaginative expression. This is noteworthy in such poems as "The Town without a Market," "Felo de Se," and "No Coward's Song." An example brief enough for reproduction is "Tenebris Interlucentem":

"A linnet who had lost her way
Sang on a blackened bough in Hell,
Till all the ghosts remembered well
The trees, the wind, the golden day.

"At last they knew that they had died
When they heard music in that land,
And someone there stole forth a hand
To draw a brother to his side."

In quite a different vein is the spirited "War Song of the Saracens," of which these are the closing verses:

"A mart of destruction we made at Jalula where men were afraid,
For death was a difficult trade, and the sword was a broker of doom;
And the spear was a desert physician who cured not a few of ambition,
And drave not a few to perdition, with medicine bitter and strong:
And the shield was a grief to the fool, and as bright as a desolate pool,
And as straight as the rock of Stamboul when their cavalry thundered along;
For the coward was drowned with the brave when our battle sheered up like a wave,
And the dead to the desert we gave, and the glory to God in our song."

"The Masque of the Magi" and the two miracles, "Joseph and Mary" and "A Miracle of Bethlehem," are very simple things, but they have just the touch of *naïveté* needed in such imitative exercises. With these poems must be grouped the story of "Mary Magdalen." Why, asks the poet of the penitent, "didst thou renounce thy scented pride?"

"She trembled, and her eyes grew dim: —
'For love of Him, for love of Him.'"

The contents of this unpretending volume are indeed treasure-trove.

The author of "Verses by V" knows how to put his thoughts in a striking way, as these lines upon "Albert Dürer" may witness:

"Had earth no flowers, and were no women fair
In many-gabled Nuremberg, the day
When Dürer's touch made ugliness seem rare,
And gnarled strength worthier than lithe limbs at play?
Were his eyes blinded, when in beauty lay
All dreaming Italy, in whose blue air
He saw the southern faces, Art's despair,
And saw the antique statues, Time's display?
Yet on those eyes how many a May had risen!
How oft had they beheld the beech unsheathing
Her tassel-tufts, and from their winter prison
Seen break the wood-flower and the wild-rose wreathing!
Or had his vision of the Heaven so dazed him,
That earthly loveliness no more amazed him?"

The author can also be vigorous as well as striking, as his "Bismarck" poem attests:

"The earth runs lighter in her daily round:
Bismarck is dead!
Call him high names, and fill the streets with sound!
And o'er his head
Carve bronze and marble in a likeness grim!
We laugh secure, for Earth has done with him.
. . . . . .

"O Germany! O land of music! Whom
Men deemed of yore
Land of high dreams, the loveliness of home,
Proud, peaceful poor.
Who learned by haunted rivers tender moods,
And thoughts unworldly in enchanted woods!

. . . . .

"Arise! arise! shake off the accursed spell!
Forget the craft
From Hell inspired and now returned to Hell!
Once more let waft
The breath of Heaven on thy distempered brow!
Germany! Sister! Europe calls thee now!"

When the author writes without those staccato effects, he achieves such simple distinction as the stanzas in "A Great Soul" exemplify:

"Brother, methinks if I could see
The soul within your breast,
'Twould bear the likeness of a tree
Upon a lonely crest,
Where all the winds of heaven are free,
And never all at rest.

"It standeth, as the mountain stands,
Unshaken, steadfast, strong;
It looketh down on all the lands;
Its shade lies deep and long;
And all the soft-winged heavenly bands
Fill it with sweetest song.

"Yet never hath it peace; for, lo,
No time is quite so still
But that some little wind doth blow
Some leaflet to its will.
And yet it groweth and shall grow
An ensign on the hill."

V's utterance is inclined to be a little thick, just escaping the quality of the purely lyric note, but he is frequently happy in his graver measures. This may be illustrated by quoting one of the briefer sections of his long poem in the "In Memoriam" stanza, entitled To the Unknown God":

"Awake, awake, and break the dream,
O man! and think of God no more
As what in man ye might adore,
The saintly walk, the moral scheme!

"If strife ye see in all around,
Seek Him in war no less than peace;
If death and sorrow never cease,
The grave too must be holy ground.

"Aye, I would even dare avow,
Where man sees only human sin,
That God himself may be therein
Fulfilled — oh, past our thinking how!"

The poem called "A Son of Cain," which supplies the name for Mr. Mackereth's volume, is not discovered until we reach the closing pages, although its merits entitle it to a place in the forefront of the collection. It turns out to be a grim and powerful ballad on the model of "The Ancient Mariner."

"I cursed her for her trickery wrought
In hell and devil-crowned;
I tracked her foulsome, plotting thought
From bound to bitter bound
And cursed. *He* entered, and we fought —
We fought with little sound. . . .

"O'er Windal moor the day was sped.
A fell-sheep 'gan to bleat.
I saw that all the west was red;
Grey-still the village street.
There was a tumult in my head;
A silence at my feet.

"I saw a fly beat on the pane.
I saw a wreath of smoke
Curl blue 'gainst evening cliffs, and gain
The sky: no passion broke
The calm of nature, that in pain
Stared, stared and never spoke.

"O God, it was so very still.
The very thought was heard
Moving about the brain; the will
Bent numbed; the cold blood stirred
Like memory after death: so still.
Loud in that vivid void of ill
A playful kitten purred."

This ballad is clearly the work of a poet, as is also, in another mood, the long reflective ode on "The Gods That Pass and Die Not," of which we quote the closing section:

"The gods depart, but thou, O Earth, art young,
And constant to the Source of Now and Then;
To That which *was* and *is* thy psalm is sung,
Mother of men.
And all thy days are patient, and thy power
Abideth though the beauteous gods depart,
Mother, who still dost cherish at thy heart
Thy child the thinker and the thoughtless flower,
Mankind fails not; winds laugh, and woodlands blow
Still, hope immortal fans abiding mirth;
Only the beckoning gods, far-summoned, go,
And pass with poignant splendour from the earth."

Another fine poem of this type is the "Ode on the Passing of Autumn." Altogether Mr. Mackereth's volume will well reward him who ventures into its pages.

Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, the author of "The Town down the River" is a parsimonious poet, but when he gives us dole of his riches, we know that the coin is no counterfeit. He is a reticent poet, but a few of his words will outweigh the fluent utterance of the more voluble. Witness these lines about Lincoln:

"For he, to whom we had applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth;
The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic — and Olympian.

"The love, the grandeur, and the fame
Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smouldering, and the flame
Of awful patience were his own:
With him they are forever flown
Past all our fond self-shadowings,
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown
As with inept, Icarian wings."

Witness also these words of Napoleon, half-delirious upon his death-bed at St. Helena:

"What ruinous tavern-shine
Is this that lights me far from worlds and wars
And women that were mine?

Where do I say it is
That Time has made my bed?
What lowering outland hostelry is this
For me the stars have disinherited?

"An island, I have said:
A peak, where fiery dreams and far desires
Are rained on, like old fires:
A vermin region by the stars abhorred,
Where falls the flaming word
By which I consecrate with unsuccess
An acreage of God's forgetfulness,
Left here above the foam and long ago
Made right for my duress;
Where soon the sea,
My foaming and long-clamoring enemy,
Will have within the cryptic, old embrace
Of her triumphant arms — a memory."

Mr. Robinson's attitude toward life in its conventional manifestations is bitter or contemptuous, his expression almost acrid, and yet his vision is transfigured with gleams of idealism. The City of God may be as yet unbuilded, but somewhere—possibly in this land of ours—its foundations are being laid. Even so godless a spot as Broadway may prove to be its site.

"When in from Delos came the gold
That held the dream of Pericles,
When first Athenian ears were told
The tumult of Euripides,
When men met Aristophanes,
Who fledged them with immortal quills —
Here, where the time knew none of these,
There were some islands and some hills.

"When Rome went ravening to see
The sons of mothers end their days,
When Flaccus bade Leuconoë
To banish her Chaldean ways,
When first the pearled, alembic phrase
Of Maro into music ran —
Here there was neither blame nor praise
For Rome, or for the Mantuan.

"When Avon, like a faery floor
Lay freighted, for the eyes of One,
With galleons laden long before
By moonlit wharves in Avalon —
Here, where the white lights have begun
To seethe a way for something fair,
No prophet knew, from what was done,
That there was triumph in the air."

We may not chide for his too infrequent stage entrances the poet who has grave and measured discourse like this. There is hardly another American singer now left us who has equal right to say

"Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre,"

and whose thought has such quintessential purity of distillation.

Mr. Clinton Scollard has heard the call of the East once more, as he tells us in so many words:

"I chafed at the gyves that bound under the western star,
When over the welter of waves a clear voice called from afar,
And I said 'I will seek once more the Nile and the nenuphar.'

"So I strode to the long, low quays, and boarded a deep-decked bark
And we plowed through the phosphor seas by the beacons of day and dark
Till we raised the Gate of the East with the sweep of its harbor arc."

The result of this outing is a volume of thirty lyrics, "Chords of the Zither," the product of happy musings under distant skies. We think particularly well of "Stars over Egypt":

"We are the orbs eternal,
Lighting the outer void,
Blossoms forever vernal,
Aster and asteroid;
Isis and Osiris
And Ammon, what are they?
They are as marsh fire is;
We are for aye and a day!

"The Serapeum solemn,
The Sphinx with brooding lid,
Capital and column
Pylon and pyramid,
Memnon's silenced singing
Under the dawning ray —
They are as swallows winging;
We are for aye and a day!

"When ne'er a Pharos flaming
Brightens the whelmèd earth,
When man shall have done with naming
The creatures of mortal birth,
When all the creeds have crumbled
As crumbles the potter's clay,
We shall abide unhumbled;
We are for aye and a day!"

Mr. Scollard's little books of song come to us with tolerable frequency, and they are always welcome; even more welcome than most of them is this collection, based upon an old inspiration renewed.

The collection of "Songs and Sonnets" by Mr. Webster Ford may be illustrated by the pair of roundels entitled "Separated":

"I walked afield with your sweet soul —
(If heaven past joy could yield)
And sought again the wooded knoll;
I walked afield.

No longing ever yet was healed
By autumn's sunny dole,
Nor eyes by a remembrance sealed.

You seemed within the aureole
Half seen and half concealed,
That o'er the aching distance stole;
I walked afield.

Your woman's soul, its tender grief,
Like autumn winds which toll
Sweet odors from this flowering fief,
Your woman's soul

Comes back, like music, to console
With red bloom and gold leaf,
Love's restless uncontrol.

For hearts that burn, a rapture brief
That finds nor bourn nor goal
Save in dream days and gathered sheaf;
Your woman's soul."

The plaintive strain of Mr. Ford's decorous but deeply-felt verse is very moving, and his graceful measures have a charm that is genuine and compelling.

Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor is one of our best sonnetteers — a fact which we have had previous occasion to point out — and his work is both rich in thought and wide in imaginative sweep. From among the sonnets which make up the greater part of his "Lavender and Other Verse," the following particularly fine example may be chosen, its subject being Captain Amundsen's ship "Gjöa," now the property of San Francisco, and preserved in Golden Gate Park:

"At last I rest in peace where nevermore
The waves shall whip my stout-resisting side;
Ignobly rest, and swell with bitter pride
As casual eyes all lightly scan me o'er —
Me, that have dared the Arctic's awful shore,
And with the bold Norwegian as my guide
Sailed the dread Pass to other keels denied
Where we shall dwell with Fame forevermore
Ah, it is pleasant here with birds and trees,
With laughter-loving children, and the sea's
Keen winds that romp upon my orphaned deck;
Yet, mid this fatal peace at times I yearn
To face again the dangers of a wreck;
To see once more the great Aurora burn."

Many of Dr. Taylor's sonnets are occasional, and few men have as happy a gift for paying this sort of tribute to a person or a celebration; others are of an abstract or philosophical cast. One group gives the poet's impressions of certain paintings by Mr. Keith; another is concerned with literary personalities, from Landor to Charles Warren Stoddard. We are also given, in the closing section of the volume, further examples of Dr. Taylor's quality as a translator from the French, these pieces including Chantecler's "Hymn to the Sun," Hugo's "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne," and some of the best things of Béranger, Musset, and Leconte de Lisle.

We have long known Mr. Donald Robertson as one of the most accomplished and intellectual of our actors, sympathetic in the interpretation of the poetry of others, but we had not known him as a poet on his own account until "Beauty's Lady and Other Verses" came into our hands. How genuine is his gift may be evidenced by this Rossettian sonnet:

"When dusk has spread his tent where Day had been
And Nature's altar lamps are trimmed anew,
When from the folded wings of Strife, the dew
Of tears repentant wipes the dust of Sin,
In such an hour, shall she come calmly in
And lay her lips on mine and kiss me? Through
That kiss shall I not wholly know the true
Beatitude of Love, life prays to win?
Then all the tangled cords of troubled Care
Shall fall from off my soul set free through her,
Together we shall breathe the open air
Of Truth, I too like her its worshipper;
Ah, God! must this not be? but with quick breath
Sharp on my mouth instead the kiss of Death?"

The greater number of Mr. Robertson's poems are in the sonnet-form, of which he displays considerable mastery. As an example of what he can do in lighter measures, we quote this simple "Song":

"Across the rainbow bridge of dreams
My Lady went a-maying,
And left me on the hither side
Among the graves of hopes that died,
And wild desires still baying
The moon of borrowed pleasures' gleams.

"Across the crystal stream of tears,
My Lady's voice is ringing,
And through the dark aisles of my mind
An echo answers, like a blind
Canary sadly singing
Remembrance of the sunlit years."

Mrs. Whitney's vivid and pregnant verses may be illustrated by these two stanzas in "The Unburied":

"In the wood the dead trees stand,
Dead and living, hand to hand,
Being Winter, who can tell
Which is sick, and which is well?
Standing upright, day by day
Sullenly their hearts decay
Till a wise wind lays them low,
Prostrate, empty, then we know.

"So thro' forests of the street,
Men stand dead upon their feet,
Corpses without epitaph;
God withholds his wind of wrath,
So we greet them, and they smile,
Dead and doomed a weary while,
Only sometimes thro' their eyes
We can see the worm that plies."

In this new volume, called "Herbs and Apples," the author again proves herself a true poet, of the sort that we could ill spare, although we could spare without a pang the figures which here serve as illustrations.

"Ægean Echoes and Other Verses" is a collection of refined and thoughtful poems by Mrs. Helen Coale Crew. As the title indicates, Mrs. Crew's inspiration has been drawn chiefly from a study of the classics, and, rightly considered, the production of such a small volume as this constitutes a more convincing defence of classical studies than many stout volumes of prosy argument. For here is concrete evidence that the spirit of Hellas still exists as a shaping and vitalizing power in the modern world. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is, after all, the most trustworthy of pedagogical tests. We quote a part of the poem called "Sappho to Phaon":

"Belovèd, wait not for the sun to set,
But come thou while his level glances fill
The green world with a flood of mystic light;
And only Hesperus of all the stars,
Dares hang a lamp within the golden glow.
Slow wanes the day, slow slips the ebbing tide
Upon the shingly reaches of the shore;
And all my heart is drawing thine to me.
Nay, come at noontide, when the shimmering heat
Wilts all the tender blossoms on their stems;
And under willows, in the grateful shade,
Pan and his happy brood dream happily.
High in the air the hawk hangs motionless;
The dragonfly above the placid pool
Spreads filmy wings upon the quiet air.
The bee sleeps in the bosom of the rose,
But I await thy coming eagerly."

The ideals of the sensuous and the austere are strikingly contrasted in "The Penitent":

"Leofric, monk, bends him above his books,
In the Scriptorium; flushed his eager face,
Gleaming his eye, the while his pen doth trace
In clearest script the lines whereon he looks.
With beating heart, upon the vellum there
He copies from an ancient, musty tome
A burning page vivid with pagan Rome —
Catullus, singing to his Lesbia fair.
'Vivamus, Lesbia mea, atque amemus!
Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum!'

"Leofric, monk, kneeleth in silent prayer
Upon the cold stones of the chapel floor
Before the altar; mutely he doth adore
The pallid Christ hanging before him there.
Deep lie the shadows on his sunken cheek;
Heavy the sins upon his low-bowed head;
Worn are the beads whereon his prayers are said;
Trembling his lips with words his soul would speak.
'Rex tremendæ majestatis
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!'"

One more selection — this time an exquisite personal tribute — shall be given. "Thou" is the simple title of the three stanzas:

"Lord God would write an epic, and the world,
New-moulded from the void, rolled into space,
And with heaven's glittering myriads took its place,
Sapphired with oceans and with sands empearled.

"Lord God would write an elegy. Swift grew
Great Babylon and Memphis, Athens, Rome;
Only to perish under dust and loam
Of centuries, 'neath heaven's relentless blue.

Then the Lord God, not wholly satisfied,
Where the dawn glowed and trembled, dipped his pen
And wrote a lyric. Ah! and then — and then
Thou — grave and tender, smiling, starry-eyed!"

Mrs. Garrison's new volume, "The Earth Cry and Other Poems," exhibits much refinement of thought and subtlety of emotional coloring, but does not reveal a very distinctive individuality. Its best things are apt to remind us of better things by other poets,— as "The Annunciation" does:

"God whispered and a silence fell; the world
Poised one expectant moment like a soul
Who sees at Heaven's threshold the unfurled
White wings of cherubim, the sea impearled,
And pauses, dazed, to comprehend the whole;
Only across all space God's whisper came
And burned about her heart like some white flame.

"Then suddenly a bird's note thrilled the peace,
And earth again jarred noisily to life,
With a great murmur as of many seas.
But Mary sat with hands clasped on her knees,
And lifted eyes with all amazement rife,
And in her heart the rapture of the Spring
Upon its first sweet day of blossoming."

Neat little magazine pieces of the better class, dealing with familiar themes and symbols, these poems charm for the moment, but hardly impress themselves upon the memory.

Something similar must be said of the "Lips of Music," by Miss Charlotte Porter, and "Earth's Artists" shall be taken to illustrate the judgment

"A Painter Autumn is, whose brush
Shows earth's hot heart in each cool rush,
Each bush flames underfoot, each tree —
A tossing torch — flares high and free,
Each plant would all a flower be.

"A Sculptor Winter is — his hand
With icy chisel carves the land;
He bares earth's pureness to the light,
His keen strokes shape with rigor right
The sudden goddess, hushed and white.

"Earth listens: her Musician, Spring,
Afar, and timid, thrills his string:
The goddess melts, — a girl descends;
Those stars — her eyes, on his she bends,
And deathless hope his luting lends.

But when the girl a woman turns,
Within her soul all music burns;
Her Poet, Summer, sings the word
Her spirit had but inly heard,
And life to know Life's joy is stirred."

Miss Porter has studied in the best schools of taste, as her textual work in editing the master-poets makes sufficiently evident, and she is entitled to have her own fling. Her pieces are mostly lyrical, and we do not mean it as dispraise when we say that she seems to have mastered the rhetoric of the lyric rather than to have caught the secret of its magic. Many of her songs have, indeed, been written for a musical setting.

"The Desert Queen," which means the giant cactus of the southwestern desert, suggests to Miss Sharlot M. Hall the following stanzas:

"I was Zenobia in the olden time
And ruled the desert from Palmyra's walls;
I flung my challenge to imperial Rome
So far that still across the years it calls
In proud defiance — but my halls are dust;
The jackal suns him at the temple door;
The wind-blown sands hide street and corridor
And heap the palace floor.

"Forgotten is Aurelian and his might;
Above his grave the beggar children smile;
And I, who swayed the East in other days,
Am mistress now of many a Western mile;
Crowned with a coronal of snowy flowers,
And armed and guarded with a thousand spears,
I dream — while dim mirages recreate
In shimmering light the splendor of past years."

This is as typical a short piece as we can find in Miss Hall's "Cactus and Pine," but it represents her inadequately, for her real quality is to be sought in the swinging rhythms of her long poems. In her work the Southwest finds a voice — its legends, its romantic history, its natural beauty, and its free outdoor life. She has a large and vivid imagination, which she nevertheless does not permit to lose itself in abstractions, and her blend of realism with song offers a refreshing contrast to the work of the magazine poets who spin their verse from their inner consciousness.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

Briefs on New Books.

Progress of the French Republic.

An impressive record of a people's achievement is given by Professor J. C. Bracq in "France under the Republic" (Scribner). The book is the most pertinent answer to the familiar question whether or not the Third Republic is stable, or is to share the fate of its short-lived predecessors; for what chance have pretenders with a population which every year is finding new expressions of its industrial, intellectual, and moral energy? Such a record accounts for the increasing weakness of the monarchist groups. The financial strength of France is always a surprise to the uninitiated who have listened to so many tales of returning travellers about the degeneracy of the French. Professor Bracq notes that the gold reserve of the Bank of France has risen in thirty years from 604,000,000 francs to 3,052,000,000. A quiet but significant display of this financial power calmed the warlike inclinations of the Germans at the time of the Morocco affair. Its source is industry, commerce, and thrift; and so with the increase of the gold reserve goes the fact that the clearing-house transactions in Paris have multiplied thirteen fold. If these were all the signs of progress, one might infer that the *bourgeoisie* of the Republic had been acting on the advice which Louis Philippe is said to have given to the *bourgeois* of 1830, "Enrich yourselves." Professor Bracq shows the other side in his chapters on "Education in the New Life," "Social Reform," and kindred topics. His enlightening chapter on "Religious Doubt-Religion" encourages the conclusion that although there is a large number of "intellectuals" who are entirely out of sympathy with the Church and with Christianity, the prospects of both Catholicism and Protestantism were never brighter. The separation of Church and State has simplified the situation. The last third of the volume is devoted to the religious crisis, including the controversy over the Church schools, the religious orders, and the Law of Separation. Upon such matters exact and impartial statements are difficult to make. The author seems to be taking refuge in verbal distinctions when he says, apropos of the Revolution and Church property, "The charges about confiscation of property, as a whole, are untrue." An equally questionable statement denies any reference in the Concordat to the payment of salaries as a compensation for the loss of property. There is also a tendency apparent in the discussion to ignore the difference between the Concordat and the Organic Articles. But these are historical matters, and Professor Bracq's opinions upon them do not mar the otherwise fair tone of his treatment of his subject.

The evolution of styles in architecture.

Somewhat misleading as to title is the book called "How to Know Architecture" (Harper), by Mr. Frank E. Wallis, A. A. I. A.; although a sub-title, "The Human Elements in the Evolution of Styles," describes its contents more accurately. The publishers' advertisement asserts that "after you have read this book you can, on looking at a building, say to what style and what period it belongs"; and the author himself says toward the close, "A little further study will differentiate for you the English revival, and the Italian revival, the Philadelphian Georgian and the Georgian of Boston or of Annapolis." But we cannot grant that either of these assertions is justified. Beginners (to whom the book is evidently addressed) have not sufficient data for such differentiations, nor has the author provided them. He is not exact enough; his definitions are too few, and those he gives are not always accurate — *entasis*, for instance, is defined as the *tapering* of a Greek column. By its failure to offer sufficient and accurate technical explanation, it falls far below such a book as Stratham's "Architecture for General Readers," in which the psychology of architecture is interwoven with a working knowledge of construction and general details. But as a study of the Evolution of Styles it is readable and suggestive. The underlying principle (or the "axiom," as it is called by the author) is this: "Architectural style development follows trade under the inspiration of political and religious conflict and progress, and to know architecture is to know the fundamental human or national idealism." This development is traced through four principal periods: Pagan, Christian, Intellectual, Modern, — the latter including the "industrial feudalism" of America to-day. Architecture is provided with a new and unique opening in the "interesting partnership between the industrial overlord and his retainers. The overlord requires libraries, institutions of learning, banks, and palaces, and we have them. On the other hand, we have a domestic architecture of the highest degree of excellence, a new expression which is not only comfortable and fit but beautiful and supremely convincing." The author has brought together a large amount of material, and has treated it in a suggestive though not always entirely relevant way. There are one hundred and seventeen illustrations; the page decorations for the subject-divisions and the initials for the chapter-beginnings, both designed by the author, are appropriate as well as beautiful.

Rural essays and other disquisitions.

Mr. R. L. Gales, a keen-eyed observer with a good memory and a lively sense of humor, has been among the north-of-England folk taking notes, which he prints under the title, "Studies in Arcady, and Other Essays from a Country Parsonage" (Herbert & Daniel, London). The writer's cloth excites expectation of grace and learning in his wit and humor; nor is expectation disappointed. The mellowness of mature years, also, and the charity that comes with a considerable knowledge of the world, speak in his pages. An American reader cannot but marvel at the stunted intelligence and narrow outlook of the average rural dweller in England, as depicted in

Mr. Gales's pages. In the matter of figures, five hundred would seem to be the highest number even dimly conceivable by his simple-minded parishioners, and their notions of geography are so ludicrously vague that we have one person referring to Rome as "in Paris," and another speaking of Manchester as in the south of England. Pathetic, too, as well as amusing is their eager but unintelligent interest in the lives of "the quality." This hunger for a more abounding life they seek to feed with such sensational reports from the great world as are supplied by the Sunday newspapers, for which the author has an unexpected good word to say. "After all," he feels compelled to admit, "they are the Greek tragedies, the Strauss operas, of the poor. Here for them is the 'pity and terror,' the sense of destiny and awfulness, which an intellectual *élite* finds in antique choruses. Some of the Greek plays are almost insupportably dreadful, the mythological stories are in themselves, as a matter of fact, often repulsive and grotesque, but there is always a redeeming sense of largeness, and this the poor find amid the horrors of the Sunday newspaper." It may well be that these plodding rustics are mentally too heavy and dull to be either much hurt or much helped by anything they might read. In addition to these Arcadian studies from real life, the book contains a number of chapters on "Folk-Lore and Tradition," and on "Speech and Language," while a final half-dozen are grouped together as "Discussions and Digressions." Of books as well as human nature the author shows himself to be a diligent student.

Through the Harz in Heine's footprints.

Mr. Henry James Forman's "In the Footprints of Heine" (Houghton) is an ingratiating, if slight, performance, deriving native charm from being written on the spot by one who has absorbed some of the real spirit of the *Harzreise*. With the convenient help of the railway, which was not available to his predecessor, and omitting (unfortunately) the ascent of the Ilsenstein, the author repeated most of the memorable foot-tour of 1824. Although not notable in style, the book gives back the free and generous joy of the open road: "I drank in the balmy pine-laden air: it was a kind of spiritual second wind"—and the breezy book itself may well serve a similar tonic purpose to overwrought and distracted readers. The author is susceptible in various directions, and falls in with more liberal spoils in the way of living folk-lore and delicately-attuned German ladies than most pedestrians in those parts are like to encounter. So generous is he in sharing these prizes, that they have a suggestion of premeditated and not altogether pertinent embellishment. The pungent Harz-atmosphere scarcely needs this conscious spicing. The legend of the partridges (p. 78) reads like a retelling of *Die Kraniche des Ibykus*, a myth-making popular redaction of Schiller's poetry for which there are convincing parallels. The spelling wavers between English and German usage, with occasional forms that belong nowhere. "A man bearing the pastoral name of Blumenbach" is a tame designation for the immortal founder of the science of anthropology, and is no sort of a preparation at all for the crushing shock caused by the startling apparition of Walther von der Vogelweide "emerging from a gabled house humming a tune of the Meistersinger." The full-page illustrations by Mr. Walter King Stone are most satisfactory impressions of the region, and reflect not a little of its perennial charm.

"The American Commonwealth" twenty-two years after.

The new edition just published of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" (Macmillan) is the third re-issue of this memorable work since its first appearance in 1888, and is so considerably revised and enlarged as to constitute almost a new work, though the ground-plan remains much the same and certain chapters have called for but little modification. In the two hundred additional pages of the present edition are contained four new chapters of importance, — one on our transmarine possessions, another on the vast influx of immigrants from central and southern Europe, still another on the more recent aspects of the negro question in the South, and, finally, a consideration of the notable development in late years of American universities. In the subsidiary matter prefixed and appended there are some omissions and some additions. The constitution of California has been reduced to a one-page extract, and the constitution of Oklahoma has been added, to the extent of twenty-three pages of fine print. The handy table of "Area, Population, and Dates of Admission of the States" has been omitted, as has also "The Federal System of English Universities," doubtless to avoid swelling the volumes to unmanageable size. The author's hopes for our future have by no means given place to despair since he first essayed, with optimistic pen, to portray our public institutions and our social life. "It was with some anxiety," he confesses, "that I entered on this revision, fearing lest the hopeful spirit with which my observations of American institutions from 1870 to 1894 had inspired me might be damped by a close examination of their more recent phases. But all I have seen and heard during the last few years makes me more hopeful for the future of popular government. The forces working for good seem stronger to-day than they have been for the last three generations." This work from the hand of a foreigner becomes, in its enlarged form, more emphatically than ever the most noteworthy treatise on our political and social system.

Across the Isle of Erin in a canoe.

The first chapter of "An Englishman in Ireland: Impressions of a Journey in a Canoe by River, Lough, and Canal" (Dutton), by Mr. R. A. Scott-James, strikes the note of this opening season as follows: "There comes a time early in the spring when the decrepitude of years or the precocity of youth is wont to fall from you. On that real first day of

the year you suffer reincarnation, and feel that your opportunity in life, as the lay preachers express it, begins again: that you have another chance to be the superman, your dislike for whom has always been tempered by a reserve of envy." Yielding to the vernal impulse, the author, with a congenial companion, secured a canoe, studied well the map of Ireland and the course of the river Shannon, with its connecting water-ways, and then proceeded to tour the island, from Belfast on the northeast to Limerick on the southwest, in the manner indicated in the title. Descriptions and reflections and bits of dialogue diversify the chronicle of this leisurely journey. Of the typical Irishman the writer observes: "Perfectly he fulfils the maxim 'Take not thought for the morrow'; and because he does not take thought he is poor, but in his poverty he is provided with more that the heart needs, with more that makes for happiness, than we with all our practical but inhuman industrialism can achieve." A map and illustrations from photographs help the reader to a more vivid participation in this pleasant Irish jaunt.

Municipal administration in America.

In Mr. Delos F. Wilcox's "Great Cities in America" (Macmillan) we have a very instructive and readable account of certain aspects of municipal administration in six of our largest urban communities. The author has already rendered valuable service in previous discussions, and this study goes more deeply into the essence of the struggle between the representatives of individual interest and public welfare. The criticism of abuses is not cynical but distinctly patriotic, — the message of those who believe the American people need only the light of truth to call forth earnest effort and sane action. No citizen can read this work without setting his teeth for a new attack on mercenary control of the colossal machinery of city government. The facts are brought up to date, and the reader can connect the daily news with the story of the development of the institutions which thus far represent the sorriest defects of universal suffrage.

NOTES.

Sir A. Conan Doyle is about to publish with Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. of London, a volume of poems, entitled "Songs of the Road."

New novels by Messrs. John Galsworthy, Maurice Hewlett, Frank H. Spearman, A. T. Quiller-Couch, and E. W. Hornung are promised for Spring issue by Messrs. Scribner's Sons.

The Autobiography of Richard Wagner, to the forthcoming publication of which extended mention was made in our last issue, will be issued in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

An enlarged and revised edition of Mr. William Winter's charming sketches of travel in England, "Gray Days and Gold," is promised for Spring publication by Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co.

An English translation of Gustav Frenssen's novel, "Klaus Hinrich Baas," will be issued within a few weeks by the Macmillan Co. It is a tale of strenuous commercial life in Germany of to-day.

The United States Minister to Denmark, Mr. Maurice F. Egan, is preparing a series of lectures on "Hymnody," which will be delivered at the John Hopkins University this year, and subsequently published in book form.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts's forthcoming novel, "Demeter's Daughter" depicts the war of different natures, and the single-handed struggle of a strong and noble woman to lift and reclaim her family. The scene is again Dartmoor.

"The Obvious Orient," by Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard, is announced by the Appletons for issue next month. Dr. Hart travelled around the world with his family a year or two ago, taking the Pacific Coast and Alaska on the way.

Mr. George B. Utley, librarian of the Public Library of Jacksonville, Fla., has been chosen as the new secretary of the American Library Association, with headquarters at Chicago. Mr. Utley's resignation as librarian at Jacksonville took effect last week.

The forthcoming definitive edition of Stevenson's letters, upon which Mr. Sidney Colvin has been at work for some time past, will be issued in this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The edition will comprise four volumes, and will include about one hundred and fifty new letters.

"The Agonists: A Trilogy of God and Man," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, will be published in the early Summer. In presenting the stories of Minos, King of Crete, Ariadne in Naxos, and the Death of Hippolytus, the author seeks to express "the fallacy in the ancient conceptions of God-kind and mankind, and in the ancient views of their relationships."

Three volumes of considerable literary interest soon to be issued by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. are the following: "Men, Women, and Books" by Miss Betham-Edwards; "Friederick Nietzsche: The Dionysian Spirit of the Age," by Mr. A. R. Orage; and a second series of "The Humbler Poets," an anthology of newspaper verse, edited by Wallace and Frances Rice.

"The Washington Square Classics," a series of standard books for young people, is soon to be launched by Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co. Each volume will be set in large type, and will contain eight or more full-page colored illustrations. The first titles to be published will be Stevenson's "Treasure Island," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales," and Miss Sewell's "Black Beauty."

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, known to all American readers through her graceful writings on colonial and gardening subjects, died at her son's home in Hempstead, Long Island, February 16. She was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1853. Among her best-known books are the following: "Sundials and Roses of Yesterday," "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," "China Collecting in America," "Customs and Fashions in Old New England," "Life of Margaret Winthrop," "Diary of a Boston Schoolgirl," "Historic New York," "Old-Time Gardens," and "Two Centuries of Costume in America." Mrs. Earle was for several years a frequent and valued contributor to THE DIAL, but persistent illness during the last years of her life made this and all other literary work impossible.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

March, 1911.

Alma-Tadema's Hall of Panels. Rudolph de Cordova. *Scribner.*
American, The Provincial. Meredith Nicholson. *Atlantic.*
Anti-Clericalism in France. Kenneth Bell. *Forum.*
Architectural League of New York. H. W. Frohne. *Int. Studio.*
Argentina, Progressive. James Davenport Whelpley. *Century.*
Boys and the Theatre. Frederick Winsor. *Atlantic.*
Campaign Management. Emily Newell Blair. *Outlook.*
Capital in America. John Moody and George Turner. *McClure.*
Carcassonne. George Allan England. *Century.*
Census, The Thirteenth. Katherine Cavanagh. *Bookman.*
China, Christianity in. Edward A. Ross. *Century.*
Class-Consciousness. Vida D. Scudder. *Atlantic.*
Crawford, Earl Stetson. A. Lenalie. *International Studio.*
Crime, Outdoor Treatment of. H. R. Cooley. *Outlook.*
Decoration, A New Motive in. Harrison S. Morris. *Century.*
Etchers, The Chicago Society of. Maude Oliver. *Int. Studio.*
Express Monopoly, The Great. Albert W. Atwood. *American.*
Faith, Scientific. John Burroughs. *Outlook.*
Fashion, The Glass of. Edward Fuller. *Bookman.*
German Book Arts, The. William Allen. *Bookman.*
Get-Rich-Quick Game, The. C. M. Keys. *World's Work.*
Gifted, The—Should They Marry? Minna T. Antrim. *Lippincott.*
Glider, Richard Watson. Maria Lansdale. *Century.*
Harrison, Mrs. Burton, Recollections of—I. *Scribner.*
Himalayas, A Quest in the. Mary B. Beebe. *Harper.*
Human Conservation, Experiments in. R. W. Bruère. *Harper.*
India, Religion and Caste in. Price Collier. *Scribner.*
Japanese Basket Work. Oliver Wheatley. *International Studio.*
Labor Union, The Case against. Washington Gladden. *Outlook.*
La Farge—An Appreciation. F. J. Mather, Jr. *World's Work.*
Letters and their Writers, Some. Ellen Terry. *McClure.*
Liberty, A Definition of. Isaac L. Rice. *Forum.*
Lincoln, Abraham, Recollections of. Hamilton Busbey. *Forum.*
Living, Regulating the Cost of. H. J. Howland. *Outlook.*
Lowell, John, The Legacy of. H. Addington Bruce. *Outlook.*
Luther, Martin, and his Work. Arthur C. McGiffert. *Century.*
McAdoo and the Subway. Burton J. Hendrick. *McClure.*
Miniature Painters, Society of. Alice Searle. *Int. Studio.*
Nationalism and the Judiciary. Theodore Roosevelt. *Outlook.*
New York's New Library. David Gray. *Harper.*
Ocean's Floor, Exploring the. Sir John Murray. *Harper.*
Parrots, In Praise of. Franklin James. *Atlantic.*
Peat-Bog, The Story of the. Jacob A. Riis. *Outlook.*
Pension Carnival, The—VI. William B. Hale. *World's Work.*
Photography Exhibition, National. W. D. MacColl. *Int. Studio.*
Portuguese of Provincetown, The. Mary Heaton Vorse. *Outlook.*
Property tax, Effect of the. Albert Jay Nock. *American.*
Prudery, The Price of. Caleb Williams Saleeby. *Forum.*
Recreation through the Senses. P. W. Goldsbury. *Atlantic.*
Rich, A Word to the. Henry L. Higginson. *Atlantic.*
Riley, James Whitcomb. Hewitt H. Howland. *Bookman.*
Scenic Novel, The. Ellis Parker Butler. *Atlantic.*
Scientific Management, Principles of. F. W. Taylor. *American.*
Shaw, Bernard: The Realizer of Ideals. Temple Scott. *Forum.*
Sierra, My First Summer in the. John Muir. *Atlantic.*
Slave Plantation, The, in Retrospect. W. M. Daniels. *Atlantic.*
Slums, Down to the. Henry Oyen. *World's Work.*
Steel Workers, The Strain on the. John A. Fitch. *American.*
Taylor, Frederick W. Ray Stannard Baker. *American.*
Translations of Classics, Famous. Calvin Winter. *Bookman.*
Trees, Living, A Museum of. F. L. Bullard. *World's Work.*
Trusts, German Good-Will toward. Elmer Roberts. *Scribner.*
Two-Party Politics, A Criticism of. J. N. Larned. *Atlantic.*
United States Army, The—II. H. L. Clotworthy. *World's Work.*
Virginia in Fiction. Louise Collier Willcox. *Bookman.*
Wagner Memoirs, The Real. Albert Banselow. *Bookman.*
Washington in a Revolutionary Crisis. W. C. Ford. *Century.*
Washington's Sense of Humor. Wayne Whipple. *Century.*
World Peace, The Dawn of. Hamilton Holt. *World's Work.*
Zuñi, The Little World of. Charles F. Saunders. *Outlook.*

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 84 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

The Growth of Napoleon: A Study in Environment. By Norwood Young. Illustrated, large 8vo, 468 pages. Duffield & Co. $3.75 net.

Lady John Russell: A Memoir. Edited by Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell. Illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo, 325 pages. John Lane Co. $3.50 net.

The Lighter Side of My Official Life. By Sir Robert Anderson. With photogravure frontispiece, 8vo, 295 pages. George H. Doran Co.

David Ricardo: A Centenary Estimate. By Jacob H. Hollander. 8vo, 137 pages. "Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science." Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. Paper.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

French Men, Women, and Books: A Series of Nineteenth-Century Studies. By Miss Betham-Edwards. Illustrated, large 8vo, 250 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.50 net.

Meredith's Allegory: The Shaving of Shagpat. Interpreted by James McEechnie. 12mo, 246 pages. George H. Doran Co.

Edgehill Essays. By Adrian Hoffman Joline. Large 8vo, 226 pages. Richard G. Badger. $2. net.

Repetition and Parallelism in Tennyson. By Emile Lauvrière. 16mo, 107 pages. Oxford University Press. Paper.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Complete Poems of Emily Brontë. Edited by Clement Shorter; with introduction by W. Robertson Nicoll. Large 8vo, 331 pages. George H. Doran Co.

The Works of George Meredith. Memorial Edition. Volumes XXIII., XXIV., and XXV.: Poems. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Sold only in sets by subscription.)

Two on a Tower. By Thomas Hardy. New thin-paper edition; with photogravure frontispiece, 16mo, 333 pages. Harper & Brothers. Cloth, $1.25; leather, $1.25 net.

Everyman's Library. New volumes: Crime and Punishment, by Fedor Dostoieffsky, with introduction by Laurence Irving; The Pilgrim Fathers. Each 16mo. E. P. Dutton & Co. Per volume, 35 cts. net.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

Dream and Drama. By Robinson Smith. 16mo, 25 pages. Hartford, Conn.: G. F. Warfield & Co.

The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Translated from the original Persian by Isaac Dooman. 16mo, 77 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1. net.

FICTION.

The Chasm. By George Cram Cook. 12mo, 379 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.25 net.

The Canon in Residence. By Victor L. Whitechurch. 12mo, 247 pages. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.20 net.

A Woman with a Purpose. By Anna Chapin Ray. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 338 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. $1.25 net.

The Married Miss Worth. By Louise Closser Hale. 12mo, 279 pages. John Lane Co. $1.20 net.

How Leslie Loved. By Anne Warner. Illustrated in color. 12mo, 292 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. $1.25 net.

Princess Katherine. By Katherine Tynan. 12mo, 331 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.20 net.

Alise of Astra. By H. B. Marriott Watson. With frontispiece, 12mo, 312 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. $1.50.

The Prodigal Judge. By Vaughan Kester. Illustrated, 8vo, 448 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

The Vow. By Paul Trent. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 341 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.25 net.

The Young Idea: A Comedy of Environment. By Frank A. Swinnerton. 12mo, 308 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.20 net.

The Man With the Scar. By Warren and Alice Fones. With frontispiece, 12mo, 244 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1.50.

The Makings of a Girl. By Emma E. Meguire. 12mo, 199 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1. net.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

Essays in Modern Theology and Related Subjects. By Charles Augustus Briggs. Large 8vo, 347 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

The Christ Myth. By Arthur Drews; translated by C. Delisle Burns. Third edition, revised and enlarged; 8vo, 303 pages. Open Court Publishing Co. $2.25 net.

The Country Church and the Rural Problem: The Carew Lectures at Hartford Theological Seminary, 1909. By Kenyon L. Butterfield. 12mo, 153 pages. University of Chicago Press. $1. net.

Modern Thought and Traditional Faith. By George Preston Mains. 8vo, 279 pages. Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.

Thoughts on Ultimate Problems: A Series of Short Studies on Theological and Metaphysical Subjects. By W. Frankland. Fourth and enlarged edition; 16mo, 101 pages. London: David Nutt. Paper.

Commentary on the Bible according to Matthew. By A. T. Robertson. 16mo, 294 pages. "The Bible for Home and School." Macmillan Co. 60 cts. net.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Land Problems and National Welfare. By Christopher Turner; with introduction by the Right Hon. Viscount Milner. Large 8vo, 343 pages. John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

War or Peace: A Present Day Duty and a Future Hope. By Hiram M. Chittenden. 12mo, 273 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1. net.

The Man-Made World of Our Androcentric Culture. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. 12mo, 260 pages. Charlton Co. $1. net.

NATURE AND OUT-DOOR LIFE.

The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California. By Theodore H. Hittell. New edition; illustrated, 12mo, 373 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The Fine Art of Fishing. By Samuel G. Camp. Illustrated, 16mo, 177 pages. Outing Publishing Co. $1. net.

The Life of a Foxhound. By John Mills. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, George H. Doran Co.

Cone-Bearing Trees of the California Mountains. By J. Smeaton Chase. Illustrated, 16mo, 95 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. 75 cts. net.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

A Guide to English History for Young Readers. By Henry William Elson. Illustrated, 12mo, 298 pages. "The Guide Series." Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25 net.

I Wonder: Essays for the Young People. By the writer of "Confessio Medici." 8vo, 109 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Truths: Talks with a Boy concerning Himself. By E. B. Lowry. 16mo, 95 pages. Chicago: Forbes & Co. 50 cts. net.

Entertainments for All the Year. By Clara J. Denton. 16mo, 220 pages. Penn Publishing Co. Paper 30 cts. net.

EDUCATION.

A Cyclopedia of Education. Edited by Paul Monroe. Volume I., 654 pages. Macmillan Co. $5. net.

The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists, including Shakespeare: Selected Plays. Edited by William Allan Neilson. With frontispiece, 8vo, 878 pages. "Chief Poets Series." Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.75 net.

Fundamentals in Education, Art, and Civics: Essays and Addresses. By George Lansing Raymond. 12mo, 350 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.40 net.

Elements of Zoology to Accompany the Field and Laboratory Study of Animals. By Charles Benedict Davenport. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 508 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The Classic Myths in English Literature and in Art. By Charles Mills Gayley. Illustrated, 8vo, 597 pages. Ginn & Co. $1.60 net.

The Teaching of Agriculture in the High School. By Garland Armor Bricker; with introduction by Dr. W. C. Bagley. 12mo, 202 pages. Macmillan Co. $1. net.

A Latin Grammar. By Harry Edwin Burton. 12mo, 337 pages. Silver, Burdett & Co. 90 cts. net.

Sudermann's Frau Sorge. Edited by Eugene Leser and Carl Osthaus. With portrait, 16mo, 252 pages. D. C. Heath & Co.

Oxford German Texts. New volumes: Agnes Bernauer, by Friedrich Hebbel; Iwav der Schreckliche, by Hans Hoffmann. 16mo. Oxford University Press. Per vol., 60 cts. net.

Cooper's the Deerslayer. Edited by M. F. Lansing. Illustrated, 16mo, 378 pages. Ginn & Co. 65 cts. net.

Holt's German Texts. New volumes: Meissner's Das Märchen von Heute; Loening-Arndt's Deutsche Wirtschaft. 16mo. Henry Holt & Co.

Las Mejores Poesias Liricas de La Lengua Castellana. By Don Elias C. Hills and Don Silvano G. Morley. 12mo, 294 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

The Quest of the Four-Leafed Clover: A Story of Arabia. By Walter Taylor Field. 16mo, 209 pages. Ginn & Co. 40 cts. net.

Deutsche Gedichte. By Camillo von Klenze. With frontispiece, 16mo, 332 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

The Half Dollar Music Series. New volumes: Favorite Songs; Favorite Duets for 'Cello and Piano. Each 8vo. Oliver Ditson Co. Per volume, 50 cts.

Standard English Classics. New volumes: Macaulay's Essays on Clive and Hastings; Lodge's Rosalynde; Shakespeare's Midsummer-Night's Dream; Parkman's Oregon Trail; Dickens's David Copperfield. Each 16mo. Ginn & Co. Per volume, 35 cts. net.

Physical Training in and out of School. By William Torrey Harris. 16mo, 35 pages. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. Paper.

La Jeune Sibérienne. By Xavier de Maistre; edited by C. Fontaine. 16mo, 121 pages. D. C. Heath & Co. 30 cts. net.

Practical Guide to German Pronunciation. By Edward Albert Grossmann. 16mo, 49 pages. New York: J. J. Little & Ives Co.

Italian Grammar. By Nazareno Orlandi. 8vo, 371 pages. Siena: Tip. Sociale.

Heat. By J. Gordon Ogden. Illustrated, 16mo, 119 pages. Chicago: Popular Mechanics Co.

Merrill's English Texts. New volumes: Macbeth; As You Like It. Each with portrait, 16mo. Charles E. Merrill Co. Per volume, 25 cts. net.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

The American Year Book: A Record of Events and Progress, 1910. Edited by S. N. D. North. 12mo, 887 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $3.50 net.

Who's Who, 1911: An Annual Biographical Dictionary. Sixty-third issue; 12mo, 2245 pages. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Index Verborum Vergilianus. By Monroe Nichols Wetmore. Large 8vo, 553 pages. Yale University Press. $4. net.

A Synchronic Chart of United States History. By George E. Croscup and Ernest D. Lewis. Illustrated, large 8vo, 94 pages. New York: Windsor Publishing Co. $1.50 net.

Kindergarten at Home: A Kindergarten Course for the Individual Child at Home. By V. M. Hillyer. 8vo, 152 pages. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25 net.

Dictionary of Hard Words. By Robert Morris Pierce. 12mo, 297 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.

A Guide to Reading in Social Ethics and Allied Subjects: Lists of Books and Articles Selected and Described for the Use of General Readers. By teachers in Harvard University. 8vo, 295 pages. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University.

Report of the Librarian of Congress, and Report of the Superintendent of the Library Building and Grounds, for the Year 1910. Illustrated, large 8vo, 299 pages. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year ended June 30, 1910. Volume I. Large 8vo, 662 pages. Washington: Government Printing Office.

A Compact Rhyming Dictionary. By F. R. Bennett. 32mo, 221 pages. "Miniature Reference Library." E. P. Dutton and Co. 50 cts.

Garden and Farm Almanac for 1911. Edited by Claude H. Miller. Illustrated, 8vo, 222 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. Paper, 25 cts. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays on the Purpose of Art: Past and Present Creeds of English Painters. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. Large 8vo, 421 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.25 net.

The Face of Manchuria, Korea, and Russian Turkestan. By E. G. Kemp. Illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo, 248 pages. Duffield & Co. $2.50 net.

The Commonsense Collector: A Handbook of Hints on the Collecting and the Housing of Antique Furniture. By Frank Frankfort Moore. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 220 pages. George H. Doran Co.

The Enchanted Parrot: A Selection from the "Suka Saptati." Translated from the Sanskrit text by Rev. B. Hale Wortham. 16mo, 127 pages. London: Luzac & Co.

Index Catalogue of the Woodside District Library, Glasgow. Second edition; 12mo, 680 pages. Glasgow, Scotland: Robert Maclehose & Co.

Jokes That We Meet: Humorous Illustrations for the Writer, Talker, and Speaker. Edited by Edwin Du Bois Shurter. 16mo, 206 pages. Austin, Texas: South-West Publishing Co.

Business Letters. By Calvin O. Althouse. 16mo, 208 pages. Penn Publishing Co. 50 cts. net.

Script and Print: A Practical Primer for Use in the Preparation of Manuscript and Print. By Philip L. Jones. 16mo, 54 pages. Griffith & Rowland Press. 25 cts. net.